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1952-1953



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by MARJORIE VETTER

STEP TO THE MUSIC. By PHYLLIS A. WHITNEY. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, \$2.75. Abby Garrett's fashionable hoops could hardly restrain her excitement. Her mother was returning North from a visit to her girlhood home in Charleston, bringing seventeen-year-old Cousin Lorena for a visit. Abby's childhood hero Douglas McIntyre—and his brother Stuart—were coming home after six years in Atlanta. But simultaneously with these happy events came the news of the firing on Fort Sumter, which plunged the country into war. Though Abby's father hated war, he felt he must fight to preserve the Union. Her mother's heart was torn by a divided allegiance. Abby acknowledged to herself that she loved Douglas. But Douglas, fond of the South and always a champion of the under-dog and of freedom, was preoccupied, worrying over where his duty lay. Sardonic, teasing Stuart, who could make Abby so angry, was firm in his conviction that no cause was worth the cost of war. Pretty, flirtatious Lorena, a militant Southerner, violent in her hatred of the North, soon made it clear that she intended to exert all her potent wiles to win Douglas to her cause. The action of these conflicting loves and loyalties on Abby and her reaction to them make a rich and complex novel. This is not just another Civil War story. It takes place most refreshingly on Staten Island rather than among the magnolias and pillared mansions of the South. Miss Whitney, who lives on the island, has given the events of the time an absorbing freshness, vitality, significance. Abby Garrett is no stereotype heroine but a natural, lovable girl whose problems become the reader's.

WINNERS LOSERS. By EARL S. COLEMAN. Longmans, Green and Company, \$2.50. "To catch a fish," Mr. Whitcomb said, "a big fish, always give him what he wants the way he wants it." It took Nonie Harris of Hidden Valley a long time to learn that this strategy can apply to a boy, too. Nonie's beautiful Irish setter was gun-shy. Ranch-bred Nonie's fear of people was just as overpowering and unreasoning. Yet she yearned for friends and especially for the companionship and admiration of Tatch Williams. To hold her own with her older brothers, Nonie had acquired considerable skill in hunting and fishing. Maybe by displaying her ability she could interest Tatch, who was fairly new to ranching and the mountains and eager to become expert in riding, roping, fishing, hunting. You can imagine how he reacted when Nonie outdid herself to excel him at every turn. You will understand how hard it was for Nonie to make up her mind whether to buy the beautiful mare Faustina or the right kind of clothes to impress Tatch.

(Continued on page 6)

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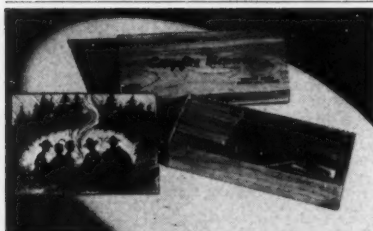


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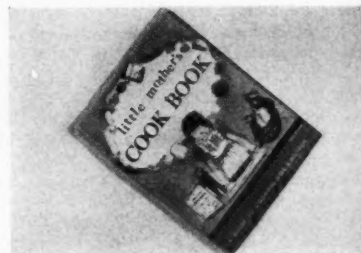
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TEEN Shop Talk



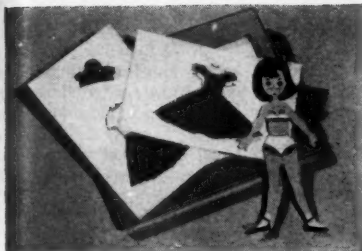
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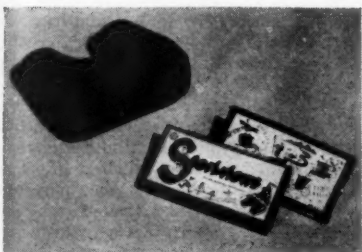
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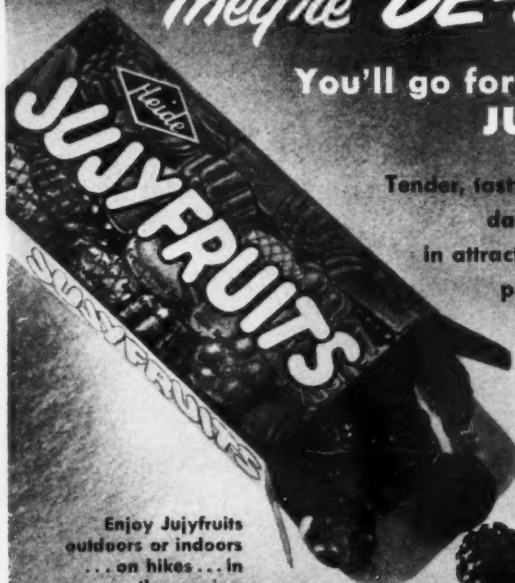


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Books

(Continued from page 3)

Mr. Coleman knows this background well and makes it live for the reader. There are wonderful scenes of camp in the mountains, a fishing tournament, bagging a lion. Your favorite ingredients for a good story—a girl, a boy, a horse, and a dog—are skillfully handled to make this a novel for your "don't miss" list.

LOVE, LAURIE. By BETTY CAVANNA. Westminster Press, \$2.50. "I bet you'll have fun," said Martha, the Kents' maid. It sounded like a wild statement to Laurie. Nothing had been fun since her mother's death. Shortly afterwards, her father had decided that selling their large memory-haunted house and building one more suited to their present needs would prove healing for them both. Now, while the new house was being built, Laura was faced with the unappealing prospect of a lonely summer at a dull, suburban inn. Work on the house had hardly begun when her father was off on a long business trip. Laurie was left to settle all the problems, make the thousand and one decisions that building a new home entails. How could she, who had always relied on her mother's judgment, manage alone? Falteringly, fearfully, she had to act. At the house she met gay, handsome Mike Bannon and Tony, a serious Italian student, who was amazed at much in America, and especially the American conviction that happiness is a birthright. Surprisingly Martha's prophecy proved true. The summer was fun. Laurie loved the new house as she never could have if she had not been so closely associated with the building of it. She made new friends, had some gay times, and became a person in her own right.

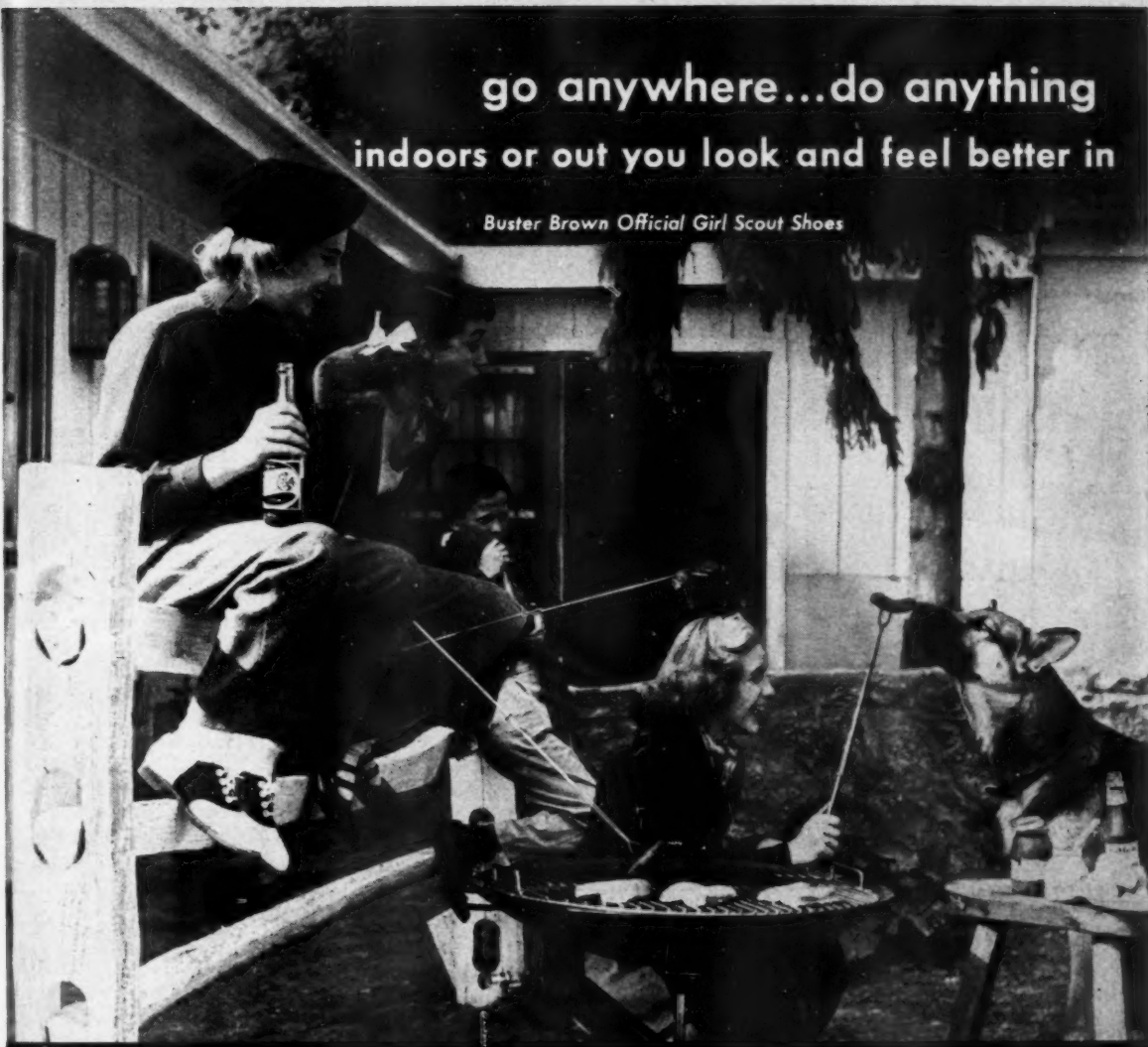
PETS. By FRANCES N. CHRYSTIE. Little, Brown and Company, \$3.50. If you own a pet or are hoping to have one soon, you will find this book a great help. The jacket blurb is well stated, "a complete handbook on the care, understanding and appreciation of all kinds of animal pets." The style is simple and clear and the emphasis on understanding and appreciation will appeal to all animal lovers. The advice on how to choose your pet and how to care for and train him is excellent and so is the section on first aid and common diseases. If you are planning on a new pet, read the book through. You may decide on an entirely different animal from the one you had in mind. If you are interested in special information about a particular pet, you will find the index helpful. The animals discussed include dogs, cats, small caged animals such as rabbits or hamsters, caged birds of all kinds, fish, turtles, snakes, etc., wild animals, farm animals, ponies, and horses. A wide range, don't you agree?

THE END

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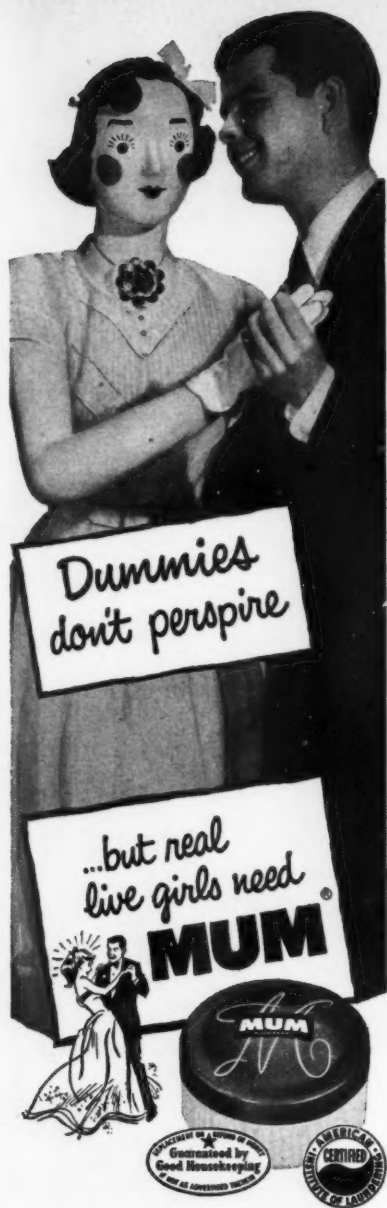
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The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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NOVEMBER COVER PHOTOGRAPH

We don't know whether television or the movies are responsible for the popular appeal of the wide open spaces. But we do know there's nothing like an outdoor scene with a western tang to give one a shiny clean, close-to-nature feeling. We thought you'd find Alice Kelly a welcome change from Hollywood's fast-shooting cowboys. Anyway she's much prettier. Incidentally, Alice really is a westerner and loves horses and outdoor activities. Our scene was photographed in California by Peter Gowland.

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155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York

VOLUME XXXVI

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER 11

NOVEMBER, 1953

Sands of Mars



by JOAN ANDRE PORTER

Illustrations by Kurt Ard

THE EMERGENCY "ALERT" rang out at dawn. Fully awake in an instant, Marty dressed quickly in her tunic, shorts, and sandals. Through the window she saw the early rays of the ruddy sun washing the Martian desert with fantastic ochers and reds, and for the first time in three days, the sky was visible—flat, metallic, blue. The dust storm had blown away as unexpectedly as it had come—charging out of nowhere to seal the caravan in an envelope of fury.

The "alert" meant more trouble, Marty thought a moment later, as she ran down the long tunnel that clung like a flexible silver spine to one side of the caravan connecting the separate vans. These vans would become dwelling places for the Five Families when they reached plateau country and set up Martian Experimental Station I. In the last van, which served as the council room, she checked her watch and saw

that the Five Families had assembled in less than three minutes. She counted noses. Only nineteen present. So another had gone down with Red Fever during the night. There were twenty-five in the caravan—ten adults and their fifteen children. The government believed it was essential to morale for expeditions to be composed of entire families. The only teen-agers were Marty, who was fifteen, and sixteen-year-old Paul McKee.

Paul leaned easily against the wall across the room. At the sight of him, Marty's face warmed, half with admiration, half pique. He was impressive in the moon-green uniform of the Lunar Space Academy. Back in the late nineteen hundreds Paul's great-grandfather had been with the first group to colonize the moon, in much the same way the Five Families were now doing

**Was there any place for earth-born
Marty on twenty-first century Mars?**



on Mars. Paul was a "Looney"—born on the moon, born of the new hard breed, trained to be tough in body and in spirit, who thought, dreamed, ate, slept space. He had known no other life than that of the bases, artificially pressurized and provided with livable atmosphere such as the Five Families were now experiencing on Mars. Eventually the silver crescent moon Paul wore on his breast would be replaced by a star and he would become a lieutenant in the Planetary Patrol.

Looney, Looney, Looney, Marty thought grimly. All hardness and heroics!

She herself was earthborn. On earth there was still time for gentler things—music, wonder, laughter, tears. Time for little courtesies, traditions, sentimental hearts. True she was no stranger to the moon, for she had spent her vacations there while her parents headed the Fourth Lunar Base, but she had gone back to earth for good when she was twelve to begin the long course of study at the Terran School of Medicine. In the Academy of Medicine on the moon they had no room for soft-voiced girls who thought they wanted to be space doctors! Well, her study would be interrupted by this expedition, but her three years' schooling had given her the knowledge of

science, health, and physical education that had built her body to the state of perfection needed for this expedition. She had behind her a sound training in first aid and the treatment of emergency wounds. Meanwhile the old rivalry between the Looneys and the earthborn would go on, Mars or no.

Paul's head turned toward her and their glances met—his mixed with cockiness and humor. In a gesture of defiance Marty smoothed back her yellow hair, worn long, earth style. Looney girls wore theirs cropped short. She had not upheld the honor of earth very well so far . . . she had been spacesick on the trip out from the moon, and here she had trouble with balance. Controlling their bodies in the lighter Martian gravity was easy for Looneys who were used to the slight gravity of the moon.

A little tight, hard core that was the rather unpleasant sensation of resentment had just begun to grow inside her when she heard the sound of the gavel and her father's clear voice tolling the disasters brought by the storm. The red rust had begun, a malignant, lightninglike rust that ate away at their beautiful, precision apparatus; a rust unknown on earth, peculiar to Mars and deadly. How could they be prepared against it, Marty thought, when they had not known it

existed. How could they be prepared against anything on this wild, impossible planet? The communications equipment had been out of order since the first day of the storm, Marty knew, as had the engines that powered the vans. This morning the heating units had ceased to work. What else? What next?

Marty saw her father hesitate, then continue firmly: "Tillie's not working."

There was absolute silence in the room as if a ghost had walked, frightening each heart as it passed by. "Tillie" was the glistening complication of tubes and glass that took the poisonous Martian waters, running sluggishly in the great canals in this, the spring of the year, purified it, made it fit to drink. Before her father's next words Marty knew that someone would have to go back in the scooter across the harsh Martian terrain to the Patrol Station.

"We think we can find a way to lick the rust," Marty's father went on quickly, "but we'll need special equipment and chemicals. They'll have them at the Patrol Station Lab. The trip back can be made in a day and a plane should get back here with what we need in a few hours. But at the moment there's no water except what each of you has in his flask.



Kurt Ard

Marty raised her arm, pointing fearfully to the strange red spot on the horizon

Hoard it, and I think we'll be all right." He picked up a paper, put it down and looked out and around the room.

"You know our rule no one goes out on Mars except in twos," he said finally. "Marty and Paul—you will make the trip back. We can't spare any of the adults."

It was decided as simply as that. For a moment Marty's mind romped—seeing, larger than life, the endless red wastes, the rocks, eroded by sand and wind (what treachery lurked there?); the wide straight canal bordered with ragged lichen, the only living thing on Mars. Paul's eyes were eager, quizzical. Was it challenge she read there?

No time for determining, now. Instead there was activity—first climbing into the tough-fibered space suit, then standing restlessly while the suit was checked: Oxygen, okay; heating unit, okay; food unit, okay. Her suit was "tight," space terminology meaning all units in working order, full protection against the eternal cold and the oxygenless atmosphere. Beside her Paul stood easy and confident—quite used to this procedure.

"Jitters, Earthing?" he murmured using the despised name for the earthborn.

Marty wriggled her nose. "Silly."

Adjusting her helmet with the wide

viewplate she turned and stalked outdoors. Miscalculating her stride she teetered perilously, half fell against the scooter. Furious with herself for her clumsiness, she climbed hastily into the bullet-shaped sidecar.

Saying good-bye to her father and mother, Marty's heart turned. They stood side by side smiling at her, but otherwise showing no emotion—no apprehension, no fear. They're trained, trained, trained, Marty thought. They're tops in their fields—Dad in space engineering, Mom in meteorology, but they've lived too long on the moon. They're real Looneys now—controlled, able to sacrifice their feelings in favor of the job to be done. Maybe I'm too soft for space, Marty told herself, as Paul took his place. Maybe I'll be a rotten space doctor . . .

The scooter, affectionately known as the Bug, was a twenty-first-century counterpart of the old-fashioned motorcycle. Built for speed and the rugged desert, it needed an expert at the controls. Well, Paul was that, all right, Marty thought, after they had ridden half the morning. Though their suit phones were on open circuit, they did not speak. It was a grim business they were about, and there was precious little to say about it. They sped on, backtracking on the trail that the caravan had followed

earlier. Ahead and around the desert waited—red, ancient, indestructible.

At noon they stopped near the edge of the canal for lunch.

"I don't think it likes us," Marty said suddenly.

"What doesn't?"

"Mars," Marty said. She pressed the button that released the drinking tube near her mouth and took a sip of savory broth. "It's cruel. It's unfriendly. It doesn't want us here."

"We'll conquer it," Paul said with great assurance.

"I'm not so sure."

"Man conquered the earth and the moon. We'll do the same on Mars. That's what we're here for—all of us in the Five Families—to spend a Martian year learning the secrets of this planet. We'll learn them. We'll know what to do."

He's so confident, Marty thought. Not arrogant, just deeply sure.

"Paul . . . do you think there were really Martians here a long time ago?"

"Romantic talk!" Paul scoffed.

Marty said nothing. It would be so easy for her to believe that the old tales were true. Not so very long ago she had believed in fairies and fairyland. Maybe there would always be a part of her that believed in such absurd delights. She shook her head. (Continued on page 27)

Paper Does It!



by EVELYN ENRIGHT

with paper sculpture designs
by Erica and Harold Egan

**Paper sculpture is exciting
and simple, and your friends
will admire your original
Christmas decorations**

*The Christmas feast will be gay and
bright with an angel as centerpiece,
shedding her radiance on the turkey,
cranberries and rich plum pudding!*

*Hang a space ship on your Christmas
tree and dream of a voyage to the
North Star, with Santa along to act
as pilot, up, up from the North Pole*

*A jolly old man who takes chimneys
with ease, is fun to fashion, sure
to please! Just get him on a string
and tie him on an evergreen branch*

*First, a bird in your hand—then a
flock on the tree—homecoming to a
friendly hearth, from lands far off,
to spend their Christmas with you!*

*The snowflake you make will remain
sparkling and bright when the one
Nature painted on your window pane
has melted in the rays of the sun*

*Paper joy-bells on the Christmas
tree are jolly welcomers of the
friends and relatives who gather
to share in the day of festivity*

Paper Sculpture
Box 237
Grand Central Station
New York 17, New York

Please send me _____ sets of the Christmas paper
sculpture patterns, at 25 cents per set. (Each set in-
cludes all six of the designs shown in the American
Girl Magazine.)

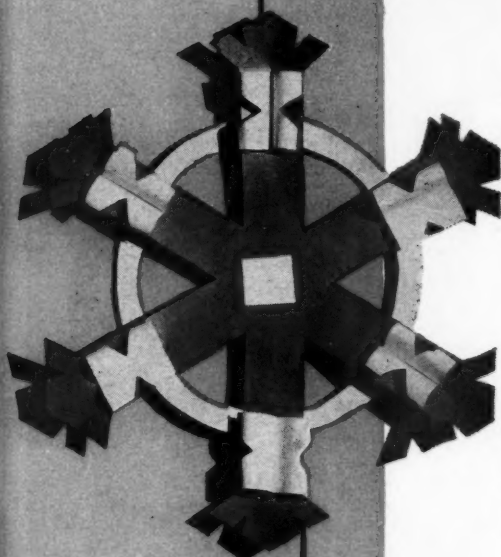
I enclose \$_____ in ☐ coin ☐ money order ☐ check.

Name (Please Print) _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____





A NEW HOBBY—paper sculpture—is here, just in time for a gay and colorful Christmastide. Start now and feel the thrill of tree and party decorations your own nimble fingers can make. A golden-haired angel for your table centerpiece, a jolly Santa beaming from your tree, and birds, bells, space ships, gleaming snowflakes—in many colors, and three-dimensional—all with a wonderful lifelike look.

Paper sculpture is a new hobby, but an old, old art, born in the cottages of Polish peasants, away back in the Middle Ages. It's so simple anyone can fashion miraculous ornaments cut out of colored craft paper from the dime store. It's such fun the whole family will want to pitch in. Or you can make it an autumn party activity and give all your friends a chance to try out the new hobby, too.

Paper sculpture has a real historic link to Christmas. Centuries ago, when the peasants of Poland were very poor, they sat for weeks after the day's chores, fashioning by candlelight realistic paper figures that would play a part in their Christmas festivities. Often they "sculptured" the Christ child in the crèche, with Mary and Joseph

watching over him. These stage settings, usually about two feet square, were mounted on poles and carried by the carol singers on their rounds.

The peasants also made Christmas decorations by pasting bits of colored paper to blown-out eggs. During the year they made paper flowers and placed them before the images of the saints in their homes and churches.

For generations these Polish village customs went unnoticed by the world. It took the turmoil of the First World War to focus attention on them. The Germans had always made and exported large quantities of Christmas-tree ornaments. But after World War I, people of many countries of Europe began to make their own. Then, modern Polish artists uncovered the ancient folk art of the peasants and began developing it into an art-craft that people everywhere could enjoy.

Paper sculpture found its way to America during the 1930's, largely through the efforts of a group of young American artists of Polish ancestry. Erica Gorecka-Egan was one of them. She began experiments in the 1940's with both eggs and paper. (Continued on page 35)



TO CURL PAPER

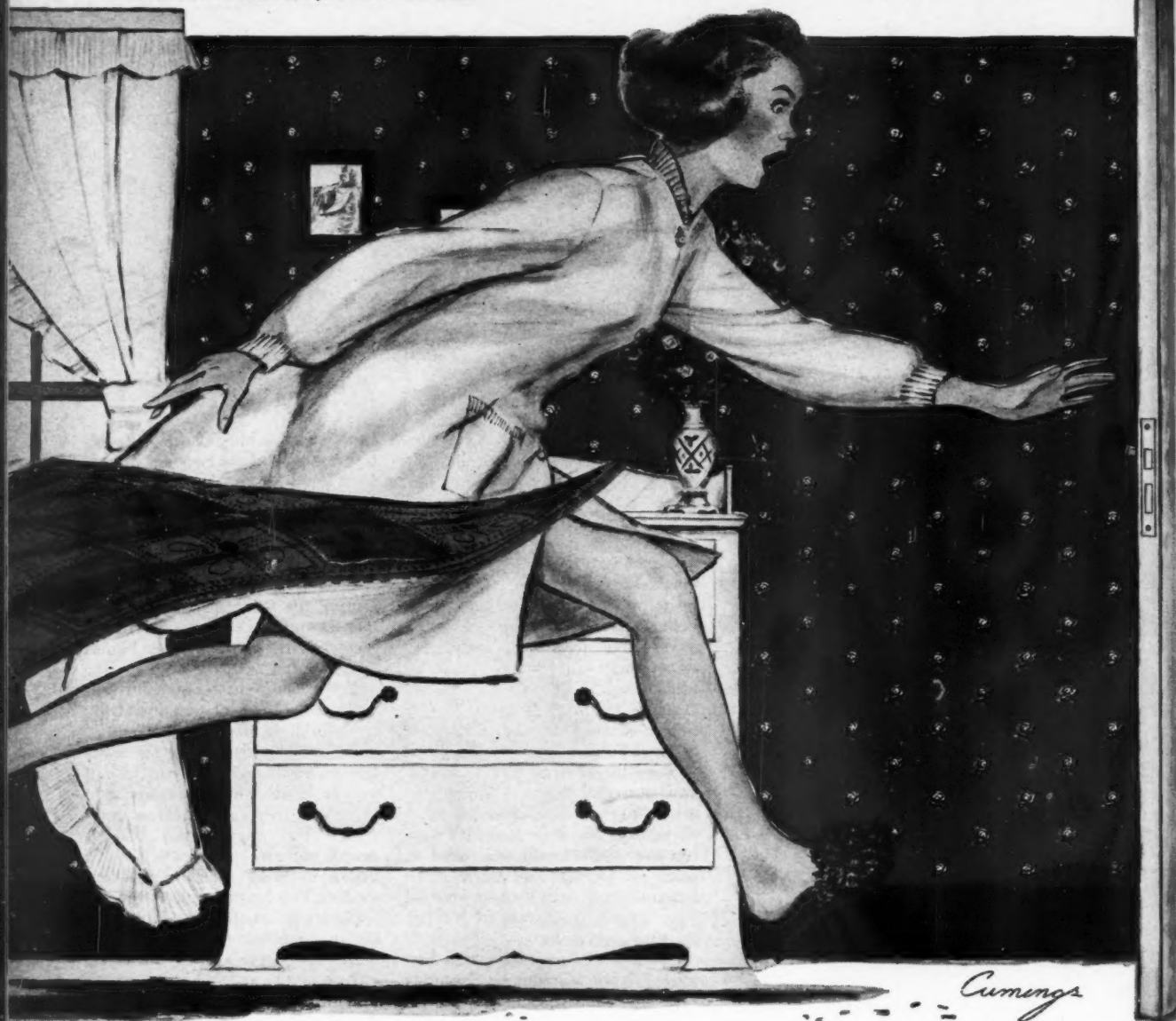
Place paper between thumb and closed scissors. Apply gentle pressure with thumb to paper, moving scissors outward. Repeat motion until paper curls



TO SCORE PAPER

Place paper on hard surface. Pressing down firmly on spoon, run edge of spoon along dotted line. Then crease paper. Panknife may replace spoon, but be very careful not to cut through the paper

When it came, the sound for which she was always waiting, her heart stood still. Then she flew across the room



THE CHOCOLATE SHOPPE was jammed. Squeezed uncomfortably into the corner of a booth, Pat stirred the ice in her glass with her straw. She could feel the sharp shoulder of the girl beside her. The chatter of the others buzzed in her ears. And yet, she was not with them at all.

They were talking about clothes and hairdos and boys. Pat's very sweater had been chosen because Bruce had said he liked yellow. Her dark hair was brushed back casually because Bruce liked girls to wear their hair that way. Boys? There had never been anyone but Bruce and she could not speak of him. Not now.

From the end of the booth, on the opposite side, Fran Healey's voice came to her, shrill and piercing. "What's the

matter with you, Pat Murray? You look as if you'd lost your last friend."

Pat raised her head. Before her eyes came to rest on Fran, she caught a glimpse of Johanna's shocked face. She made herself smile. "Honestly, Fran! If that's the case, what am I doing packed in here?"

It was not funny, but it made them laugh and their laughter left Pat alone again. Across the table, she saw Johanna, struggling between a grin and a frown. Poor mousy Johanna Sterling. She had never had a Bruce.

Her pity for Johanna glanced back to herself in a sudden thrust that was sharp as a knife. She felt suddenly frantic, caged in her corner. She simply must find a way to get out. It was Friday.

This would be a date night, another date night without Bruce.

Fran started to collect their money, taking ages to make the change. Pat clenched her fists and leaned forward tensely. Hurry, hurry, she kept thinking, till at last they were piling out of the booth.

As they pushed their way between the counters, a small boy knocked a lollipop doll to the floor. He stared, bewildered, at its broken head while his mother began a querulous scolding. Pat wanted to stoop down and comfort him. Bruce must have been a child like that. Even now he was always dropping things.

The girls pushed through the revolving door, but the fresh air brought no comfort to Pat. The light wind blowing

across her face, not warm, yet heralding the coming summer, made her want to leap and run and fling her arms around someone—Bruce. But all she could do on a city street was to stand—half listening to the talk around her.

"How will we know what to wear tonight, Fran? They didn't say what we're going to do," someone said.

Pat had never known what to wear, either. Bruce was always changing his mind. He would invite her to go to a movie and they would wind up taking a walk. She thought of the time she had gone to a party dressed in the ski pants she had worn for skating.

The girls began to call, "Good-by,"

know myself." Pat waved a hand vaguely in the air. "Something had been wrong between us for weeks." Even when we were together, it was as if—well, as if Bruce weren't really with me. Oh, I shouldn't have done it, but I couldn't help it. Finally I asked him what the trouble was."

"What did he say?" Johanna was eager, as if she had to know, as if she were Pat, having to know.

"Nothing. He said nothing was wrong." Remembering, Pat wondered at her wild relief. She should have known it was not the truth for his voice squeaked only when he was embarrassed.

Bruce had never called her again.

Later, Pat wished she had accepted Johanna's invitation. She might have been invited to dinner, might have stayed through the evening. Instead she sat on the edge of her chair, pretending to read, but really just waiting and listening. Bruce did not call. Finally she dropped her book and went to bed.

Fridays were bad, but Saturdays were worse. Before she was finally awake the next morning, Pat heard the rain beating on her window.

I'll wear my red boots, tonight, she thought. Bruce was crazy about the red boots which matched her raincoat.

Then she remembered there was no Bruce. She sat up suddenly in her bed,



Please, Telephone, Ring!

by CATHERINE MARSHALL

A stubbornly silent telephone is hard
to take—especially when
a girl's sixteen and it's spring



hurrying off in different directions, and Pat was left to walk home with Johanna.

"That was awful, what Fran said." Johanna's voice was warm with sympathy. Pat shrugged her shoulders. "It doesn't matter."

Longing pushed against her chest as they walked along. Although she spoke Johanna's name now and then, Pat hardly remembered that her friend was there. "Johanna, what did I do wrong? What could I possibly have done that was wrong?"

"Nothing, Pat." Johanna spoke emphatically. "Nobody blames it on you. Nobody. Everyone says—"

"Are they talking about us still?" Pat was surprised. It had been a month, a whole, long month.

"Well, we keep seeing them around together. Everyone thinks it was a dirty trick to throw you over so suddenly. And for Elaine, of all people."

"It wasn't like that at all." Pat rose quickly to Bruce's defense. "I don't think he ever thought of Elaine until—until—" She stopped and stared blankly at Johanna.

"Until what, Pat? Tell me. I won't breathe it to a soul."

"How can I tell you? I don't really

From that time on, she had never seen him, except for a self-conscious, "Hi, there, Pat," when they met by chance in the hall at school.

"Is that all he said?" The question brought Pat back to the present, and she saw that they had reached Johanna's house.

"Mmm," she nodded, trying to smile.

"Come in for a while," Johanna urged.

"No, I had better be getting home." He might call tonight. He might still call. He could not really care for Elaine. Although she was just Pat's age, in many ways she was too old for Bruce, too sophisticated, too hard. Would Elaine think of little things, like being ready on time to save him from a stammering talk with her parents?

Johanna was shifting from foot to foot. "Come on in, just for a minute," she persisted.

"I really have to go," Pat said.

Johanna hesitated a moment before she yielded. "Well, okay then. Be seeing you."

Watching Johanna turn up her walk, Pat almost wished Bruce had never been. Johanna might spend the evening alone but she would not know the agonized yearning toward a phone that did not ring.

the damp air curling around her back. How could she ever get through the day?

There was no special reason for washing her hair. There was no special reason for doing her nails. But these things must be done and her room cleaned, too. Pat threw her legs over the side of the bed and pushed her feet into her furry scuffs.

And then it came ringing up the stairs, the sound for which nowadays she was always waiting. For a second even her heart stood still. Then she flew across the room and stood poised at her door, alert and listening.

"Hello," she heard her mother say. And then, "Oh, hello there, Clara."

Clara! Who cared? Not even Mother. Pat walked slowly toward the bathroom, trying to still her shaking hands.

"I won't let it get me again," she resolved.

But it got her, not once, but several times as she went mechanically through her chores. The day inched along and by dinnertime she wanted to run away and hide. She knew exactly how it would be.

"Well, folks, what say we all go to a movie?" That would be Dad, his voice falsely hearty.

(Continued on page 41)

GOAL *for Jill*

by AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN

Illustration by Clyde Ross

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AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN

THE STORY SO FAR

When hockey star Jill MacCrombie transferred from Westmorland, fashionable school for girls, to New Sharon High, she came into conflict with Chris Robinson, who up to then had been the undisputed sports star. The attention Bo Skinner—handsome, arrogant football star—paid Jill fanned Chris's animosity. Dave Gifford, known as "Edison" because of his barn workshop, earned Jill's gratitude by repairing her beloved old car, "Stinky," made friends with her family, and became her favorite friend. Partly through Dave's advice, partly through circumstances and a mutual feeling for good sportsmanship and fair play, Jill and Chris began at last to support each other on the playing field. Jill found herself more and more dependent on Dave and invited him to be her escort for the Sadie Hawkins dance. But that night she had the shattering experience of waiting uncalled for in her party gown because Dave—engrossed in an invention, details of which he had shared only with her—forgot all about the dance until too late.

PART FIVE

DAVE CALLED AT the MacCrombies' early the next morning to apologize, but Jill had already gone to Nan's. He telephoned Nan's house, and when he found out Jill was there told Nan he was coming right over.

Nan turned from the telephone. "Don't worry, Jill, when he gets here, we'll be gone."

"Why should I run away from Dave?" Jill asked.

"Last night he was so wrapped up in that old jalopy that he forgot all about you. Today you're too busy to see him."

They spent the whole morning dodging Dave. There were only a few places to go in New Sharon—the library, the teen center at the "Y," Charlie's Drive-in. Dave kept just missing them.

Finally, after a narrow escape in the Drive-in, when they had to scrunch down behind the jukebox to avoid Dave's seeing them, Jill put her foot down.

"This is silly," she said as they ran toward Stinky, "I'm not going to run away any more."

She had been half wishing Dave would catch up with them. Although she was hurt over what he had done, she wanted to look into Dave's dark eyes and assure herself that he was hurt too.

But she stopped running away too late. Dave did not follow them back to Nan's.

"I guess you're rid of him," Nan said. "He'll have to go over to the football field now and that will keep him busy all afternoon."

Jill brooded. She wanted to talk to Dave. Her anger of last night had given way to a bewildered feeling. She could not forgive him so quickly, but she did not want to lose him either.

Even the excitement of the game did not lift her heavy mood. Dave went in for a few minutes near the end. He played as he always did, an unspectacular game, feeding the ball to more important players like Bo or Jock. Jill found herself protesting for Dave. She wasn't supposed to care what happened to him now, and here she was fighting his battles for him.

New Sharon lost. Jill was glad she did not have to join in a victory demonstration today. In a way, the defeat seemed to fit her own mood. Bo Skinner was standing in her path as she walked toward Stinky. His hair was wet and rumpled and he looked tired.

"Hello, Mac," he said. "Will you give me a lift home?"

She stifled the desire to ask him why he didn't get a lift from one of the boys, because it hardly seemed the time for such ungraciousness. The ride was a silent one. When she pulled up in front of the white house with the mansard roof, Bo made no move to get out.

Finally he said, "I'm sorry about last night, Mac. You should have asked me to go with you." He was silent a moment and then he asked, "Are you dated up for tonight?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Will you go to a movie with me?"

On the impulse of the moment, she accepted. It would be better than sitting around and thinking about last night and Dave.

That evening was the beginning of an unhappy week for Jill. She saw a lot of Bo. No matter how many boys and girls were in Jill's playroom, he was always underfoot—big and noisy and blustering, filling the room, bringing his own case of soda: "My father gets it wholesale and I expect to drink a lot of it." His hearty, egotistical laugh would go rolling through the house, setting old Shep into a vile humor, and bringing a barking Peppy to the head of the stairs.

Bo brought his own record player and,

without asking permission, turned it on full blast the moment he came in, so that Dad spoke to Mother, and Mother told Jill that the noise downstairs would have to be toned down. Bo clowned. He found some old clothes in the basement closet—a long skirt and a velvet hat with plumes

*It was a nightmare, with the
snow stinging her cheeks*



embarrass her, and every day she swore she would never see him again and every day she weakly put up with him a little longer. Because there was Dave; or rather because there wasn't Dave any more.

It would seem after the way he had chased her that Saturday that he had wanted to make things right. Yet, he had certainly stopped trying too soon. If a boy made up his mind to see a girl alone in school, there were ways of managing it. He could wait for her after class, or he could set his tray down next to hers at a table in the cafeteria, or he could write her a note, or he could wait for her after hockey practice. Dave did none of these things. He didn't even telephone. He went into his shell again, the way he did every so often, rushing home to his workshop as if that were the only thing that mattered. And as the days rolled by, Jill became more and more convinced that for Dave only his work mattered.

It was in this frame of mind—bored and fed up with Bo, hurt and bewildered over Dave—that Jill went into the final hockey game of the season. The day dawned gray and somber, a fitting day for Jill's gloomy mood.

"Just another week till Thanksgiving," Nan called in the locker room. "And snow's going to fly before then. Look at that sky!"

When the two teams ran across the hockey field, the wind was raw and damp but there were no snow flurries yet. Jill shivered, even with two sweaters under her hockey tunic. She felt the wind bite at her knees, bare above the knee-high wool socks.

Jill scanned the field of players for the big girl with reddish hair. There she was, Katie Decker, dominating her team like a spread eagle. Jill's glance passed from Katie to her own backfield. Chris looked like a roly-poly, in several layers of wool shirts and sweaters. She seemed unusually quiet this afternoon, without her customary dramatic bid for the limelight.

Miss Bruce, the umpire, signaled Jill to take her place for the bully. Jill was shivering from the cold, but her mind was on fire with questions. What would Katie Decker's line of attack be? How would Chris play today? Where was Dave? He was not in the stands. He hadn't even spoken to her since the telephone conversation the night of the Sadie Hawkins dance.

She lost the first bully. Westbrook found wide-open gaps for their advance down the field toward the New Sharon goal. They rushed the goal in a well-planned attack, (Continued on page 32)

on it and an old fur cape. He dressed up and gave impersonations of movie stars at which no one laughed but Bo himself. Bo danced. At this he was really good and he knew it. He would go into a song-and-dance routine, mimicking top comedians with such skill that he had the crowd

laughing and applauding enthusiastically.

Bo, in short, completely took over. At school he brashly announced that he was going steady with Jill. Those who liked such gossip pounced on it as an opportunity to spread the news that Jill had agreed. He was always doing things to

How's Your Party Chatter?

by RUTH HUMPHRYS



Drawings by Abbi Damerow



If you know when to talk and what to say, you'll be sure to keep the party gay!

FALL PARTIES are in full swing—and they're fun, whether you're the hostess or a guest.

At least they are for some girls. But maybe you're like Jerry, who always looks forward to parties with a mingling of excitement and dread. So often the party she gives or goes to falls short of expectation. The gay time she planned so carefully doesn't quite come off, and her guests seem bored. The thrill she anticipated in her new dress and her new hairdo is something less than super. What can the matter be?

A skilled hostess would probably tell Jerry that it isn't the face, the dress, or the party plans that go askew—but the party chatter.

Of course everyone likes to talk. What could be more natural? Surely the gay conversation at a party takes care of itself!

In a way, *yes*. In a way, *no*. Often conversation isn't exactly a self-starter, particularly between people who don't know each other too well. The accomplished socialite is aware of this. She's a past master at getting things going.

Do you want to acquire her skill? If you're the hostess, it starts with the introductions. You don't say, "Mary Jones, this is Jim Graham"—and then leave the two floundering frantically, while Mary blurts out something about what a nice evening it is, and Jim mumbles "It sure is." You touch the starter button by saying, "Jim, Mary has the most wonderful collection of records," or "Mary, Jim made the basketball team this year." That gets them off to a beginning, from which they will probably go along merrily. You see, Mary may not have given much thought to her party chatter before

she left home. She was all in a flurry bathing and dressing and doing her nails, and getting that one errant curl to stay where it belonged. She needs that slight help from you to launch her on the road to a good time.

If one of your guests is really shy, try a more direct method. "Oh, Jim, do tell Mary about the movies that were made on your skiing holiday." Or, "Mary, I was just thinking today about the time we got stranded on that point of land and met three skunks, remember?" A predicament like that, recounted at a party, invariably brings out other skunk stories, snake stories, lost-on-hike stories and the whole gamut of strange and humorous dilemmas. The chatter will roll in billows, once someone gives it a good push.

A wise hostess has her conversational "pushes" ready in advance. When you make up your guest list, put beside each name that person's talents, hobbies—or anything that may be of interest to others. Your list reads something like this:

Jane Higgins—good tennis player, training to be nurse.
Anna Mayfield—leader at girl's camp, knows a good game.
Doris Found—editor school paper, has been to Mexico.
John Walters—knows latest dance steps, loves to teach them.

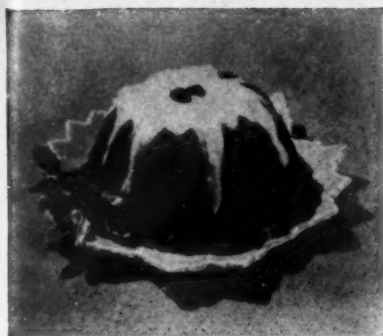
You don't memorize the list, because of course you know it. It's just a matter of making sure the information is on the top of your mind.

The really skilled hostess not only starts the party chatter moving—she notices the guest who has somehow been dropped out of the gaiety. Unobtrusively she joins her and gets her back into the conversation. (Continued on page 50)

New Ways with Cranberries

by JUDITH MILLER

Nat'l Cranberry Assoc. photos



Steamed Pudding

CRANBERRIES are as American as Plymouth Rock and Thanksgiving Day. The early settlers stewed the berries in water, added a bit of sweetening, and called the result cranberry sauce. They served it with game, including wild turkey, and thus began a custom which has become an honored tradition in this country.

But no longer are cranberries served merely as a sauce. They have become a year-round rather than a seasonal fruit, and are used in tempting dishes never dreamed of by the Pilgrims. You can buy canned cranberry sauce—jellied or whole berries—and cranberry juice any time of year. If you have a freezer, you can put away a few pounds of fresh cranberries while they are on the market. Just pop the unopened package of cranberries (carton or bag) directly into the freezing unit. When you use them, treat them exactly as you would the fresh berries. Come next August, you will have cranberries for an extra-special occasion—maybe a surprise to serve with spareribs, roasted in the back yard.

In addition to the recipes from readers, here are some "bright" uses for leftover bits of cranberry sauce. Garnish a vanilla pudding with a spoonful of sparking sauce. Press a bit of sauce into drop cookies before baking. Use it to stuff apples for baking. Now for the recipes.

From Sacramento, California, Phyllis Keller sends this recipe for a delicious bread which she and her mother serve often during

the holiday season. They slice it thin and make small sandwiches with softened cream cheese or butter as filling. These are very good with chicken or ham salad.

CRANBERRY NUT BREAD

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 cup cranberries | ½ cup finely chopped nuts |
| 1 cup sugar | 1 tablespoon grated orange rind |
| 3 cups flour | 1 egg, beaten |
| 4½ teaspoons baking powder | 1 cup milk |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons melted shortening |

Grind berries in food chopper, using medium blade. Add ¼ cup of the sugar; mix, and set aside. Sift and measure flour. Add remaining sugar, baking powder, and salt, and sift into a large bowl. Add nuts and rind. Mix egg, milk, shortening, and cranberries. Add to flour mixture, stirring lightly until all flour is dampened. Pour into greased 9"x4"x3" loaf pan, pushing batter well into the corners and slightly away from the center, so the bread will not hump in center. Bake in moderate oven (350°) about 1 hour, or until done. Let stand 5 minutes. Remove from pan and cool on rack. When cold, wrap in wax paper or aluminum foil. The bread slices better when it is a day old.

You can keep this luscious frozen salad for several days in a freezer, ready to serve whenever you want it. It is a rich salad, so small servings are in order. To freeze it in individual servings, use small paper cups or paper cup-cake liners for molds.

FROZEN CRANBERRY SALAD

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 three-ounce packages cream cheese | 1 cup drained crushed pineapple |
| ¾ cup mayonnaise | ½ cup chopped ripe olives |
| 1 cup cream | ¼ cup finely chopped celery |
| 1 cup cubed jellied cranberry sauce | |

Allow cream cheese to soften; then mash until smooth with fork. Add mayonnaise and stir until smooth. Whip cream and fold into cheese mixture. Fold in remaining ingredients. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm, 2½ to 4 hours. Cut into squares or fancy shapes and serve on lettuce. Makes about 10 servings. This recipe was sent by Pat Heinecke of Golden, Illinois.

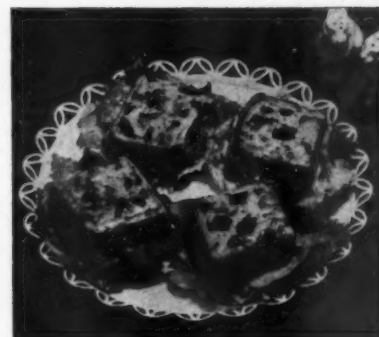
"This casserole is excellent for a fast, hearty meal," writes Geraldine Baer of Hopkins, Minnesota. Add a crisp vegetable salad for contrast in flavor and texture—and for those extra minerals and vitamins.

CRANBERRY CASSEROLE

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 cup sugar | 1 can spiced luncheon meat |
| 1 cup water | 4 cooked sweet potatoes |
| 2 cups cranberries | Brown sugar |
| | Butter or margarine |



Cranberry Meat Loaf



Party Salad

Combine sugar, water, and cranberries. Bring to a boil and cook rapidly 5 minutes. Set aside. Slice, but do not separate, the loaf of luncheon meat. Place in casserole and surround with sweet potatoes, cut in halves. Sprinkle with brown sugar and dot with butter or margarine. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 20 minutes. Spoon the cranberry sauce over the meat and cook 10 minutes longer. Serves 4 to 6.

Muffins, flecked with bright bits of red cranberries, are something different to remember. Try these with a chicken or ham casserole; or with scrambled eggs and bacon. The recipe comes from Christina Hostettler of Los Angeles, California.

CRANBERRY MUFFINS

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 cup cranberries | ¼ teaspoon salt |
| ½ cup sugar | ¼ cup melted shortening |
| 2 cups flour | 1 cup milk |
| 3 teaspoons baking powder | 2 eggs |

(Continued on page 30)



Cranberry Bread and Muffins



Bread

First Poetry Award

*The smell of bread baking,
A sunny and wholesome smell
Makes me feel warm,
Safe, and secure.*

*The smell of bread baking
Brings memories flooding
Of family gatherings,
Laughter, smiles.*

*The smell of bread baking . . .
I see golden wheat fields,
Shining in sunlight,
Rippled by breeze.*

*The smell of bread baking
Makes me feel thankful,
Makes me love Kansas
As never before.*

JANE ELLEN CROW (age 14) Topeka, Kansas

All's Well That Ends Well

First Fiction Award

Now there is nothing wrong with writing an article for your school paper. In fact, everyone seems to think it's quite an honor. Well, so did I until I was asked to write one.

"Write an article for the school paper?" I had asked the editor when he approached me. "Why certainly. Anything is all right to write on, you say? Okay, it'll be ready in the morning."

I meant to go home straight from school and start to work, but as things will happen, I was waylaid and ended up at the drugstore, so it was five o'clock before I reached home.



ART AWARD:
ELAINE ANNE
KLIMACEK (age 15)
Herkimer, New York

Here is your own department in the magazine. Send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, photographs, and drawings. See page 46 for details

"Mom," I called. "Guess what. I'm supposed to write an article for the school paper!"

"Stupendous!" Mom cried, looking quite pleased. "What's this masterpiece to be on?"

"Well," I pondered, "Al Echols, the editor, said anything at all would do."

"Then," said Mom, "You'd better get to work."

I left the kitchen, collected a notebook and four sharp pencils, went up to my room, locked the door, sat down at my desk and began to think like fury. Thoughtfully, I drew several profiles on my page. Al had said I could write on any subject I liked—anything from apples to zebras, but I couldn't seem to think of a thing. So, I started down the alphabet, very methodically. A—apples, B—bulls, C—corpses. Heavens! This certainly wouldn't work. Oh, well, it was time for supper anyway. Ideas, I was learning, didn't come up just like that. I'd enjoy my supper and probably think of something while I was eating, but I'd no sooner sat down than Dad started in.

"What is this I hear about my favorite daughter writing an article for the school paper?"



FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:
JANICE RUBLEY (age 11)
Bethel, Connecticut



PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:
CHRISTINE CHEW (age 17)
Santa Barbara, California

"Oh," I answered vaguely, "I'm fooling around with it a little."

"What subject are you writing on?" Mom persisted.

"Well," I admitted reluctantly, "Nothing yet, I haven't quite decided, you see."

"Why not write on world affairs?" Dad suggested cheerfully.

"Oh—ah—the editor handles that," I said quickly. (What a horrible thing to get roped into writing!)

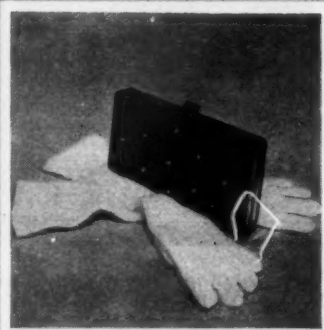
"Why not fashions?" Mom continued.

"Heck, no, football is the thing!" voiced ten-year-old brother Jimmy.

"Juliet Dowell has fashions, Mom," I pointed out, "and as for football, that would come under sports and Dick Holden handles that part."

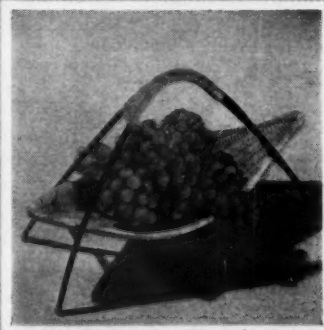
"Why not write on how to catch a boy
(Continued on page 46)

"There
was a
young
lady
who
lived in a shoe..



Youth Mode's velvet bag dusted with fake pearls; red, navy, green, black; \$3.95. Stern Bros., New York 18. Wear-Right's Angora gloves; pink, white, black; \$4. Frederick & Nelson, Seattle

A ticket, a tasket, a very handy basket. Can be used for candy, rolls, nuts, etc. Rattan bowl can be removed from frame. \$3.95. Duenas Designs, Dept. AG, P. O. Box 136, Birmingham, Mich.



THE AMERICAN GIRL

There was a young lady
who lived in a shoe
Who had so many friends
she didn't know what to do.
She trudged through the shops
for many a weary mile
In vain search for budget gifts
with a lot of style.
At last in despair
she sat down to weep and wail
Till she got the bright idea
of ordering by mail.

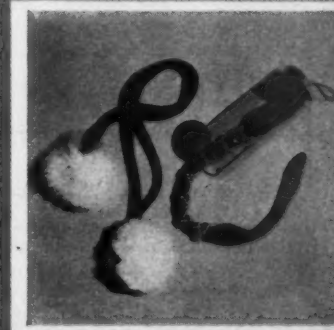
"Eureka!" she cried,
"this idea is a pearl—
All I have to do
is consult my American Girl!"

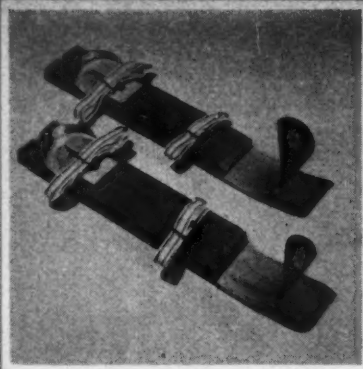
All photographs by Fel Kohn
*Please add 20% Federal tax



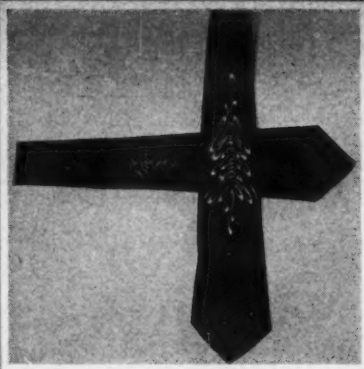
Barker Christmas greeting cards are colorfully designed with Betty Dett's amusing caricatures of teenagers. Box of sixteen \$1; Fifth Ave. Card Shop, Dept. AG, 14 W. 34 St., New York 1

Pure glamour. Black-velvet tie frosted with white bunny poms. Gift-boxed silk scarf with pearl-bead choker trim; assorted colors. \$1 each. By Hair & Beards. Oppenheim Collins, N. Y. 1





Dreaming of a white Christmas? Hardwood Ski Skates for boys and girls, newest vogue for snow skating, are adjustable for ages from five to thirteen. \$1.75; Robert Kellogg Co., 35 Hillman St., Springfield, Mass.



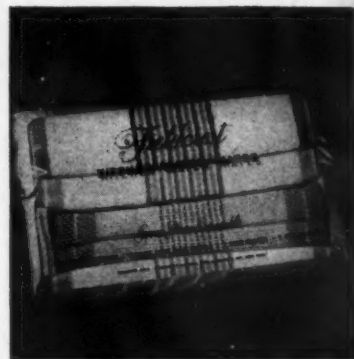
The old reliable tie gets a new look. Name or initials discreetly worked into artistic, hand-painted pattern on solid colors; in rayon. \$3 each. Man of Threadwood, Dept. AG, 109 Lefurgy Ave., Hastings, N.Y.



For a hard-hitting youngster, Playskool's Nok-Out Bench with varicolored pegs and mallet makes pounding fun. Good training in muscular control and co-ordination. \$2; F. A. O. Schwarz, Dept. AG, New York 23

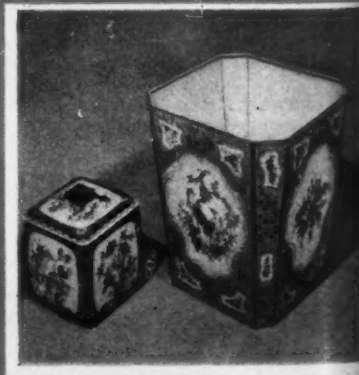
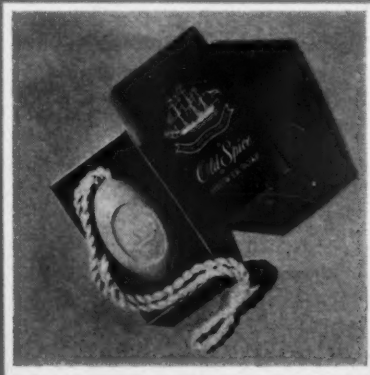


"She
trudged
through
the shops
for
many a
weary mile.."



For a lady who loves a pretty kitchen—Fieldcrest's Kitchen Match Mates. Smart gift package contains dish towels, cloths, pot holders, and terry hand towel. \$2; in popular colors; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle

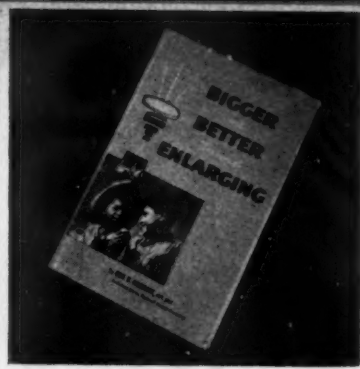
Shulton's Old Spice for Men. Large bath soap with a pleasant he-man odor that's sure to rate high with the men in the family. Cord suspension keeps it high, dry, and handy; \$1; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago



English Baret Ware—looks like china. San Souci Caddy for tea, candy, etc. \$1.50; Schapira's, Dept. AG, 117 W. 10 St., New York 11. Chelsea Basket \$3.49; Goldsmith Bros., Dept. AG, 77 Nassau St., New York 1



Farm and pretty. Polly Pigtail's printed flannel robe by Robert Hausman has fringe trim, tie belt. Red; sizes 8-16 for girls; \$3.98. Matching scuffs in drawstring travel bag; \$1.25; Aug. W. Smith Co., Spartanburg, S.C.



A gift for the amateur photographer who does his own developing, printing, etc.—"Bigger Better Enlarging" by D. Nibbelink, technical editor, Eastman Kodak. Over 100 pictures. \$2.95; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston

"at last
in despair
she
sat down
to
weep
and wail.."



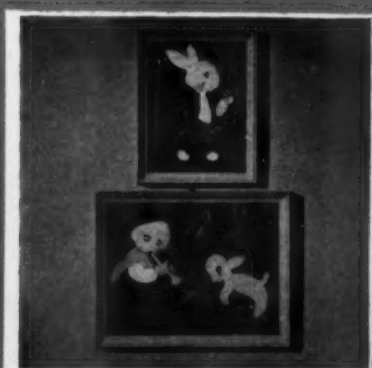
Perly fashioned for neatness. Inner-Circle moire case by Jan Cort holds small accessory items in tidy little compartments. For traveling, just button and fold. Wide color range; \$1.95 at Wanamaker's, New York 3



Be your hostess pretty and proud with this quart-size milk-white casserole for baking and serving. Comes with mar-proof wrought-iron server. \$2.89; T & L Novelty Co., Dept. AG, 8-10 Forest St., Fair Lawn, N. J.

A decorative touch with a salty tang. Brass ship bedlight like those on old sailing vessels. Candle holder swings so it can hang as a wall sconce. \$3.75 each. Art Colony, Dept. AG, 9 University Pl., New York 3

3-D pictures for the carriage set. Fur and cloth bits add lifelike touches to hand-painted nursery pictures. Blue, pink backgrounds. Small \$2.25; large \$3.25; Bauer's, Dept. AG, 153-30 78 Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

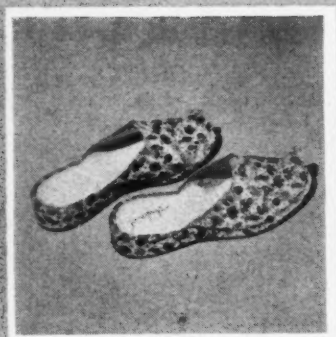




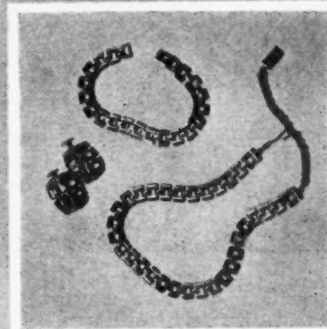
All-in-one slip for bouffant dresses. Fantasy's tiered nylon-taffeta skirt has slim nylon-tricot top. White with white, pink, or blue ribbon. 10-14 sub-teen; \$6; Lord & Taylor, New York 18



"all
I have
to do
is
consult my
American
Girl!"



Magic of the East at your feet. Honey-Bug's comfortable Turkish-toe scuffs come in natural-color Persian-print cotton; Sizes 5-9 narrow, 4-9 medium, 5-9 wide. \$3.99 at Gimbel's, Philadelphia



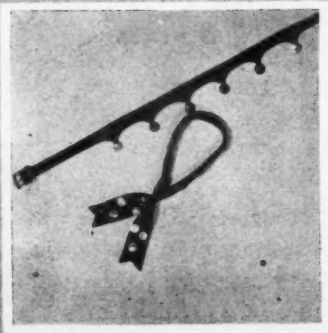
Luxury accents that highlight an outfit. Adjustable choker of delicate, gold-finish links; matching bracelet and wide loop earrings. By Sperry, \$2* each. B. Altman & Co., New York 16

*Please add 20% Federal tax

Give a "Him Book" to a girl who likes to keep a record of all the "Hims" in her life. Categories for favorite disc jockey, actor, relative, etc. \$1.50. Treasure Mart, Suite 562, Hillside, N. J.



Pretty Midas touches. Fake pearls, coins trim Glentex felt tie; wide color range, \$1. Gimbel's, New York 1. Youth Mode's cowhide belt, coin trim, popular colors, size 22-28, \$1.98.* Ernst Kern, Detroit



Good-grooming aids by La Cross. Candy Parade, a pretty box with everything for a little lady's hand care. \$2.95.* Boots & Saddle, boy's kit, Western style. \$2.50; * G. Fox & Co., Hartford



A Panel of Winners



Each Pattern 30¢

These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For your convenience there is a clip-out order blank on page 48

4652: A smart, two-piece dress for sizes 10-18. Peplum pockets accent the arrow-slim lines, and a wide belt and matching buttons are crisp accents. You can make it in a sleeveless version, too. In 39" fabric, size 14 requires 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards; $\frac{3}{4}$ yard contrast

4568: With the slimming basque bodice and full-circle skirt, this dress for sizes 10-16 is at home in class or at a party. You can make several versions of this basic dress, in different materials. Size 12 will take 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 35" fabric; $\frac{1}{4}$ yard for contrast

4513: A blouse and jumper twosome that can do wonders in doubling a girl's wardrobe. The smartly cuffed blouse is worn here with a jumper in Reeves corduroy. Sizes 11-17. Jumper, in size 13, takes 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54" fabric; blouse, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 39" material

9169: For that always useful extra skirt, here is a version that is easy to make and easy on the budget. There are no side seams, and only 1 yard of 54" material is needed for any size. Burlington rayon flannel is used in the sketch. Waist sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32

Drawings by Florence Maier

BEAUTY STEPS

by GLYNNE

Drawings by Clare McCanna



How to Look

If you are five feet or under, you can be a beautiful pocket Venus. One that is daintier any time than the original. The trick is to create an illusion of perfect proportions. Stick to simple, undecorated, clean lines in your clothes by having a resolute back on fast and clutter. Don't be a crazy quilt. Stay close to billie wide collars, big bows, long jackets. Better to be all-or-nothing with a neck-tailored look. Have a point of view on how you want to look, and carry it out from your gleaming hair brushed up on your head, through an embrace, flowing clothes line, and down to your medium-high heel.

What to Wear

You—all in one—look longer than you divided. The new turtle-necked, self-belted jumpers in pinhole corduroy or flannel are good—solo to a Sunday tea, or over a gay blouse to a game. Color in the sleeves of the blouse doesn't break the body line. Choose fabrics with vertical stripes, tiny repeat patterns, or small plaids. Avoid huge patterns or horizontal stripes. A slim skirt a trifle long adds inches. The too-full skirt makes you squat. Keep accessories small and neat. Away with cinch belts! If you're chubby, avoid shiny or nubby fabrics. Good reducing colors are browns, violets, navy, and smoky gray.

How to Primp

Use a hair style that adds height. Bangs, however sleek, won't raise you one millimeter. A feathery cut all over the head provides needed tapping and softens the contours around a thin face as well. For long-haired, round-cheeked maids—braid hair into classic coronet and pin high up on your head, rather than back. For parties, fresh small flowers tucked into the coronet become a living tiara. Apply a dash of cologne or light perfume behind your ears—but suggest fragrance; never trail a mist behind you. A hint of lipstick, a dab of powder, if needed; a sparkle in your eye—you're ready to step out!



Lucky you—with no need to cling to rigid rules of dos and don'ts. Just take the time to select from fashion's trends what is best suited to your type. And make sure to consider the contents of your present wardrobe before buying. "Uncluttered" is still the most favored all-year-round look. Scads of stick-pins on one blouse and ten dangle bracelets on one wrist belong to yesteryear. A new color is smart this fall. You're sure to discover a least one flattering shade from among the gamut of browns. There are caramels, cocoas, nudes, tans, coppers, and fudges from which to choose. They look tempting too!

Try three-way harmony. Color, fabric, and style should blend with your personality, skin coloring, and the occasion. Colors have meaning. Yellow is cheerful. Red—exciting. Green—spirited. Figure out others yourself. Suppose you are lively, dark-haired, en route to school, and are wearing a yellow corduroy jumper over a classic shirt blouse of green jersey. You merit an "A-plus." You harmonize. Latest rage is leather. Ensembles of leather and lined are young and sporty. Leather is used for soft dog-collars to encircle throats, small pouches to dangle from waists, belts to slim your middle.

If your hair waves naturally or if you have a good permanent, only then can you join the ranks of the "short-crops." Nothing looks worse than hacked-off strings. Better let a stylist do the cutting . . . you're not apt to have his way with the scissors! The "Italian-boy" coiffure worn with sides brushed back or forward is versatile and flatters most faces. Cut into graduated layers, the hair is all of two inches long on top. For festive occasions, get new effects with flowers. Turn them into a wristlet, a choker, or a tiara. For added glamour put a touch of vaseline on your eyelashes to give them silky shine.



You are the inspiration for thousands of American designers, artists, photographers. Be glad you are tall. Only when you square your shoulders, straighten your back, and hold your head high will you convince yourself—and others—about this. Separate head your clothes fit. Mixed—not matched. Train your eye to texture and color. A fabric that is yellow and shiny magnifies while a deep violet—your sheer—diminishes. Sexy jackets break height. Experiment with wide-cuffed gloves, big buttons, wide belts, vivid scarves. For big moments a small heel is more graceful than a flat and adds only a mere sliver upward to a tall girl.

Only you can trip forth into the world at once willowy and billowy, and can choose from a plethora of colors. Wonderful for the long-lean are shirred cotton blouses encircled by wide belts and worn over bountiful skirts of contrasting color. Say "no" to pencil-thin skirts, to vertical stripes, to boleros, to one-piece tubular dresses. Say "yes" to two-piece outfits, to soft-tailored suits with well-fitting shoulders, to skirts just a shade shorter than average. For dress-up, experiment with padded hips and peplums. Wear chunky jewelry. And for a vogue silhouette—try a voluminous coat nipped into a small waistline with a cinch belt.

For everyday the simple pony-tail is ideal for high-cheekboned or plump faces. The shoulder-length bob is skinned back securely in a rubber band hidden under a fresh ribbon or ornament. Dress up this style by arranging a fashionable spit curl in front of each earlobe, as seen on faces of old Italian coins. To do—cut and dampen small tendrils, then wind forward into flat pin curl. A long, thin face with high forehead suits bangs. Hair is best collar length and styled with softness about face. A tall girl's hands are particularly conspicuous. Do accent them. They can express grace. Make hand lotion and good manicure regular habits.

Sands of Mars

(Continued from page 11)

"You Looneys certainly are tough." Paul did not smile. "Space is tough." "Yes," Marty said almost sadly. For a ridiculous moment she felt like crying until Paul's hand clasped hers to pull her up. They climbed back into the Bug. More miles, then, under a sky that seemed to brood in an imperious conspiracy with the plains. Marty's stomach grew oddly queasy. Late in the afternoon something on the horizon caught her eye—a mere spot—small and red.

"Paul . . ." She touched his arm, and raising her own, pointed to the east. "What's that, do you suppose?"

He shrugged. "Mirage, probably. This sun and flatness is tricky on the eyes. But take a look ahead. That's no mirage. There's the Patrol Tower. We ought to be there in another half hour at most."

Marty breathed a small prayer of relief. Yet, the spot was still there in the east—dime-size against the deep blue of the sky; or was it growing larger? She could not be sure and she could not pull her eyes away. Her knees went weak as water and she pressed them together tightly. The red spot was larger. Then Marty's heart stopped. Had the spot grown a tail? Was it the shape now of a writhing cornucopia?

"Paul," she said hesitantly, blinking her eyes again and again. The next minute the spot was upon them, exploding around them in violence and thunder, riding in shuddering waves upon a wind gone mad. Dust spiraled around her body, cutting at the strong fibers of her suit, peppered her helmet with sharp soundless tattoos. Blindly, swamped by the streaming red curtain across her viewplate, Marty groped for Paul, felt his body braced against the hard gale, heard his yelp, earsplitting through the suit phone. There was a jolt that struck shocklike down her spine and after that a sickening sensation that was like flying and like sinking deeply into a sea . . .

She was lying on her side, with one arm across her chest, staring into the lost eye of a sun. Slowly she turned her head from side to side, seeing an atmosphere so innocent, so clear. Then ten yards away she saw the Bug, its front wheel a ruin, tilted crazily in the air.

"Paul . . . Paul?"

She was on her knees, then up, making the swift inspection of her suit that was almost a reflex reaction in space. She was tight. Teetering with both the ache of her fall and the light gravity, she made her way to the other side of the wrecked Bug and Paul.

His face was so quiet she thought he was asleep. Then his eyes were open, appraising her, and his voice came over the suit phone, abruptly and with authority: "It's only ten miles to the Patrol Station. You can make it."

"What?" Marty said stupidly.

"Get going. They're waiting for the equipment."

"Listen, Paul . . ." She could not think. "What happened? Paul, the Bug's wrecked."

"A dust storm—like the one that hit the caravan. Only this was a quick one. We don't know about this cockeyed weather. We don't know anything about Mars, yet . . . but we . . . but we . . ."

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"Good news, Pat"



"I've been promoted. Now I'll be helping other girls to learn their telephone jobs."

"That's wonderful, Sally! It seems like only a short while ago you started to work for the phone company yourself."

"It wasn't too long ago. I'm glad I work for the telephone company where I have a real chance to get ahead. I think that's as important as the good salary and the regular raises I've been getting."



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Paul pressed his lips together. In the next second Marty saw how his leg was twisted under him and everything fell into place. "You're hurt," she said bluntly and, dropping to her knees, Marty went to work. Like a warm current the strength flowed into her hands as she straightened Paul's leg so gently he hardly murmured. She let her hands take control . . . her efficient hands, trained these three years to be kind and caressing and reassuring. There was almost a singing inside her as she worked with absolute confidence, rummaging in the sidecar for the first-aid kit, sterilizing the nasty gash in Paul's leg, dressing it. For the first time since she had been on Mars she felt a sense of belonging.

Paul would be all right now until she got back with help. The sun was down and already the unbelievable cold of the Martian night was crawling silently over the land. Checking her direction, she saw with relief that the beacon of the Patrol Tower had been lit and was sweeping in a two-mile path around the station.

"I'm going," Marty said.

Paul nodded.

"Is your suit tight?"

He nodded again.

"Just to make doubly sure," Marty said and began to test: Oxygen, okay; food, okay; heating unit—

"Paul?"

He looked at her.

"You're heating unit's smashed!"

Softly, hesitantly, "I know."

Marty's anger exploded. "Oh, you Looneys make me sick! Big, brave hero, you are. Why you'll freeze to death inside of an hour in this cold!"

"One of us has got to get to the station," Paul said doggedly.

She knew this was true. It was Paul's safety against the need of the others, but she was Marty, earthborn, and she could not bring herself to follow Paul's hard code.

"If we stay together we can switch the heating unit back and forth from your suit to mine," Marty said, stalling. She gave the unit to Paul and began to walk back and forth, moving her arms to keep warm. Even if they spent the night here it would be close to noon tomorrow before it would be possible to risk leaving either one of them without a heating unit, and even that was a bad gamble at best for even noontime temperature in this zone was close to zero. Her mouth was dry. She had to think.

It was quite dark now and both the tiny Martian moons were up. Phobos, the inner moon, was beginning its third dash of the day across the sky, while five-mile-wide Diemos hung just above the horizon. Phobos and Diemos, meaning Fear and Panic, Marty thought shuddering. Fear and Panic in the Martian night. Panic and Fear . . .

Paul's exclamation, cutting into her emotions, sounded tight with excitement. "I have an idea. Is the sidecar okay, Marty?"

"It's okay."

"Do you think you can pry it loose? If you can, it'll float. We can reach the station by way of the canal. Can you do it, Marty?"

"I . . ." It was a hope to cling to. "Oh, Paul, I'll try. Tell me what to do."

Her fingers were numb. The tools, salvaged intact from the sidecar, would not obey her. She worked clumsily, feeling the cold bite through her suit. Once she had an impulse to give up, to lie down and sleep

and sleep and sleep, but she leaned instead on Paul's strength. He was in pain, she knew, yet his voice was steady, his instructions clipped as a military command. "Take the big wrench now . . . I'll flash the torch at the point where you're to work . . . see those bolts along that rod . . . no, turn to the left, the left . . ."

The car came loose with a jerk, and it was Marty's turn to take command, for getting Paul's heavy bulk into it was something her training had taught her to do. Leaning on her, he made it, half hopping, half dragging his useless leg. Expertly Marty packed the Bug's pneumatic cushions around his leg, and straightening, pushed the car to the edge of the canal. Ahead down the shallow slope lay the dark water and here it was that Marty, already aching with fatigue, stood stark still. Paul's head came around and she knew he had been struck with the same blunt fact. An oar . . . a paddle . . . a pole, call it whatever you like . . . they had nothing to propel the boat. Not a tree, not a sapling, not a bush bloomed in this arid world.

"There's the rod the sidecar was fastened to," Paul muttered finally and Marty started at the note of despair in his voice.

"It'll be too short," Marty murmured but, taking the torch from Paul, she turned immediately, ran back to the Bug and pried off the rod. It was too short to be much help but it was all they had.

"We'll just pray we can stay close to shore where the water's shallow," Paul said.

"And pray this thing will float," Marty added darkly, as she pushed the car down the incline and into the canal. She sloshed in water up to her knees, watched stony eyed as the car sank and rocked and finally held—afloat. Mutely Paul passed the heating unit to her and, clipping it in her suit, Marty knelt on the seat close to Paul to keep him warm. From this position, facing the stern, Marty began to work the pole in a sculling motion. Presently a current began to carry them. They did not speak. Once the boat swerved too far toward the center and it took all her strength to push it back to safer waters. At times they seemed becalmed for there was no variation in the course of the canal, no change in the lichenbound banks.

Marty was functioning grimly and automatically, feeling nothing—neither heat nor cold, nor fear nor faith; thinking of nothing, not even, in wonder, of this new Marty—intent on her one unalterable purpose; get there, get the job done. How near they were to the Patrol Tower she did not even surmise until Paul said, "We're almost within the path of the beam!"

Turning, Marty saw the wide light fanning around and around, and in ten minutes the beam—warm, blessed, wonderful—bathed them in light, swept on, hesitated, came back, and remained shining steadily upon them like a newborn sun.

"It's over," Paul said breathlessly. "The patrol will be here in minutes."

Still Marty knelt, unbelieving, her fingers rigid on the pole.

"Marty, it's over." She felt Paul's arms pull her down beside him, and only then did her taut nerves snap and she knew she was shaking uncontrollably in his embrace, only half-hearing what he said.

"What?" Marty said foolishly. "What, Paul?"

The patrol trucks sped toward them along



"Who'd believe I was ever embarrassed by PIMPLES!"



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the canal, headlights ablaze. Urgently, Paul went on. "Marty, listen. Before they get here, I want to say . . . Thanks for what you did for me, Marty. About softness . . . or gentleness . . . well . . . whatever you want to call it. We need that in space, too, I guess. We ought not to be rivals . . . Looneys and Earthlings."

"No," Marty said. "No more, never again." She saw the trucks stop at the shore and the white-suited patrol come toward them half-running, half-sliding down the bank. The moment was suddenly precious and too short to say what she wanted to say. Hardness and softness . . . there was a need for both. This wasn't earth, nor the moon so familiar it was almost home. This was Mars; this was space where man needed to be tough . . . needed to be tender . . . to survive.

Marty flung back her head. "There's earth," she said, seeing the soft blue star so far away . . . so very far. "You can't see our moon, though."

Paul murmured something so quietly she hardly heard. Had he said, "Who needs the moon when he has all Mars . . . and you?" Had he really said it? She stood absolutely still, sleepy, content, as the patrolmen crowded around her, their voices loud and inquisitive and wondering. Had he really said it? One last warm pressure of Paul's hand as they lifted him onto the stretcher made her certain that he had. Looking up Marty saw the two crazy Martian moons careening in the sky with what was surely impish joy, and for a moment, the whole Martian world seemed lit with some indescribable promise.

THE END

New Ways with Cranberries (Continued from page 19)

Grind berries in food chopper, using coarsest blade. Mix cranberries (juice, too) with sugar. Sift and measure flour. Add baking powder and salt and sift again. Combine shortening, milk, well-beaten eggs, and cranberry mixture. Add to dry ingredients, mixing lightly--just enough to dampen flour. If muffins are overmixed they will have a tough crust, with tunnels on the inside. Fill greased muffin tins $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Bake in moderate oven (375°) 25 minutes. Serve at once. Makes 12 medium-size muffins.

This is an unusual meat loaf, with its own baked-on sauce. Just a little ham is added to the usual ground beef, yet the ham flavor comes through wonderfully. Patricia Dowley, who sends the recipe from Toledo, Ohio, says she hopes our readers will like her recipe as well as she has liked many she has used from the Recipe Exchange.

CRANBERRY MEAT LOAF

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup jellied cranberry sauce	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cracker crumbs
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar	2 eggs, slightly beaten
$1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds ground lean beef	1 teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ pound ground smoked ham	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk	2 tablespoons chopped onion
	3 bay leaves

Mash cranberry sauce and mix with sugar. Spread over bottom of greased 9"x4"x3" loaf pan. Combine remaining ingredients, except bay leaves. Carefully press mixture over sauce in pan. Place bay leaves on top. Bake in moderate oven (350°) 1 hour. Remove bay leaves and turn out on hot platter. Pour sauce from pan over meat. Serves 6 to 8.

Like other steamed puddings, this should be served hot. However, it may be made ahead of time and reheated for serving. Place it in a double boiler over boiling water, and heat 45 minutes to 1 hour. Marcia Pitt sends the recipe, a family favorite for many years, from Stratford, Connecticut.

STEAMED CRANBERRY PUDDING

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
2 eggs	1 tablespoon grated orange rind
$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour	1 cup cranberries, cut in halves
$2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder	

Cream butter. Add sugar gradually and cream until light and fluffy. Stir in well-beaten eggs. Sift and measure flour. Add baking powder and cinnamon and sift again.

Add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Stir in orange rind and cranberries. Steam 3 hours. Serve hot, with sweetened thin cream. Serves 6.

Puddings may be steamed in pudding molds or in the top of a double boiler. If molds are used, fill only $\frac{3}{4}$ full. Be sure the cover fits tightly. If necessary, fasten a double thickness of wax paper over the top with rubber bands. Place mold on a rack in a kettle and pour in enough boiling water to come halfway up the mold. Keep water at boiling point, adding more boiling water as it boils away. Remember that word **boiling**.

If you have no mold, pour the mixture into the top of a well-greased double boiler. Cover tightly, and steam over boiling water 3 hours, adding boiling water to bottom of double boiler when necessary.

For an excellent uncooked relish to serve with meats, we recommend this recipe. Ann Gurley of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, writes that her family likes it with scrapple, a Pennsylvania Dutch dish, as well as with turkey. It is good, too, with rich meats like roast pork or ham.

CRANBERRY RELISH

1 orange	2 slices canned pineapple
4 small apples	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
1 quart cranberries	

Wash orange and apples. Cut into eighths, skins and all, discarding seeds and cores. Grind all the fruit in food chopper, using medium blade. Add sugar and mix well. Chill several hours before serving. The relish may be kept in the refrigerator for two or three days without sealing. For longer keeping, pour the freshly made relish into hot, sterilized jelly glasses and seal them at once with paraffin. Recipe makes about 5 cups.

There are many interesting and delicious ways to serve the oranges, lemons, grapefruit, limes, and other citrus fruits that give us those all-important vitamins. Desserts, main dishes, sandwiches; sauces, preserves, salads are just a few. For the March, 1954, "Recipe Exchange" we would like your favorite recipe using these fruits, to share with other readers. For each recipe printed in the magazine we pay \$1. Please read very carefully the rules on page 43 before sending your recipe.

THE END

The Music Stand

By MIMA JEAN SPENCER

It's a new role for that man with the red hair and the ready grin as Arthur Godfrey narrates the tale of *Peter and the Wolf*. This enchanting story of the little boy who saves his animal friends from the hungry wolf and thus pleases his grandfather was written by Prokofieff as a lesson in recognizing instruments. Each character in the story is represented by a different instrumental theme and the action can be followed by the pattern of these musical phrases. Columbia's Andre Kostelanetz directs the musical score and TV's versatile Mr. Godfrey lends his charm to the appealing story.

Titled the same as one of his recent hits *Beautiful Music to Love By* is David Rose's offering of well-remembered melodies presented in a sweeping style. *Wonderful One*, *No Other Love*, and *Swedish Rhapsody* are three of the twelve selections. You'll like this string treatment of tunes you've enjoyed. (MGM)

From the pen of the imaginative Rimsky-Korsakov came the score *Scheherazade*, the fascinating tale of a Sultana who kept her head by keeping alive the Sultan's interest in her stories. An Oriental flavor and an air of mystery weave a spell on the listener. Newest recording was made under Stokowski's baton as he conducted the Philharmonic Orchestra of London. (Victor). This is an album for your record library.

No matter which records are recommended by reviewers or which pop tunes are your girl friends' favorites the records you want for your collection are those which you enjoy. If music is pleasing to you it fulfills a first requirement, for you want to hear it again. There are many pieces which give immediate satisfaction and there are still more works which are increasingly rewarding as they become familiar friends. If one musical composition strikes your fancy others by the same composer will probably appeal to you, too, and appreciation of lighter pieces leads to enjoyment of more complex orchestral compositions. From the age-old ballads and simple lute strains of medieval days has grown the whole structure of musical composition and performance which we accept so readily. Today's music lovers can hear a variety of forms and techniques on moderately priced records.

Take advantage of your heritage and unique opportunity to collect the world's greatest music on durable platters for a lifetime of enjoyment.

Ballads head the list on the winter listening roster and some of the best are *Why Do You Pretend* sung by Alan Dean, *Sweet Madness*, recorded by Bill Farrell, *Bluebird*, offered by mellow-toned Tommy Edwards, oldie *It Can't Be Wrong*, courtesy Billy Eckstine, and *The Sentimental Things You Do* under Blue Barron's direction. (All MGM). Sauter-Finegan's *Time to Dream* is smooth as usual and very danceable. (Victor). Very special is *Do You Know What It Means to Be Lonely* as sung by Bill Kenny of the Ink Spots (Decca). A lingering melody is the sad *Don't Forget Me*, Four Aces on a Decca label. *Come to Me* with vocal by Bill Darnel and *Allez-Vous-En* by Gordon Jenkins and his Orchestra are two more smoothies for Decca.

On an MGM label Art Mooney and Orchestra remind us that *Night Must Fall* and Margie Good sings *I Shouldn't Care* in a winning way. A lively tempo is set by Ginny Gibson as she sings the rhythmic *Dansero*, and the pleasing strains of *Estrellita* receive refreshing handling by the Elliott Brothers. Two new ladies to be saluted in song are *Julie*, ably recorded for MGM by Leroy Holmes and Orchestra and *Suzanne*, a Victor platter made by the Harry Belafonte Orchestra and Chorus.

Lighter numbers are really different this season! Salty and Mattie adapt an old nursery rhyme for *Wake Up, Little Boy Blue* (MGM), June Valli mourns her *Brass Ring Love* (Victor), and *Keep It Gay* advises Perry Como as he sings this clever number from "*Me and Juliet*," also Victor. MGM's Little Rita Faye warbles proudly that *Johnny's Got a Sweetheart* "and that sweetheart is me!" A take-off on Western movies features Arthur (Guitar Boogie) Smith singing *He Went That-A-Way* in an amusing fashion. (MGM). Larry Clinton vocalizes a relaxing number called *Walkin' Down a Country Road*. (MGM) A cute novelty on an old theme is Twigg Wilson's *Woman is Strange* (MGM). Cindy Lord bubbles gaily about her *Happy, Happy Heart*, also for MGM. Here's wishing you many happy hours of listening!

If you're a theater fan listen to Victor's new *Show Time* albums which offer highlights from some of the most popular musicals ever on Broadway. You'll hear Lisa Kirk, John Raitt, and Cab Calloway among others as they deliver the songs that were show-stoppers not very long ago—songs from *Oklahoma!*, *Showboat*, or *Porgy and Bess*, to name a few!

THE END

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Goal for Jill

(Continued from page 17)

and the ball was angled in for a one-point score in favor of Westbrook.

This time Jill was on her toes for the bully. She won it, but she could not get away from Katie Decker. It was impossible for Jill to function as center forward of her team with this menacing, catlike girl always marking her. She could neither make openings for her own inners and wings nor could she follow up their shots with a rush at goal. Westbrook got the ball and carried it down the field for another attack at the New Sharon goal. They went straight for the striking circle.

It was then Jill became conscious of Chris. She rolled into the circle looking like a giant bug puffed up in attack. She faced that line of forwards with all the fight she had in her. Her stick cracked hard against the ball again and again. It gave the New Sharon defensive time to move in. The girls rallied and the rush on goal was broken. The ball went flying down the field out of the danger zone.

Suddenly Jill heard a cry from the crowd of spectators. "Watch it, Mac! They're out for blood!"

Jill felt her spine tingle at the warning. She had never played this kind of hockey before. All the clean-cut sport of the game was lost in a powerful drive against Jill. She felt it all around her, like the arms of a giant octopus closing in on her, encircling her. Not only Katie marked her, but the whole Westbrook defense. It was a concerted attack on one girl, a systematic drive to paralyze Jill's every move.

When the half ended, Jill felt exhausted on top of a pile of coats and blankets. She felt panicky, driven. The sky above her, glowering with storm clouds, pressed down and she wanted to reach up and push it back. What am I doing here? she asked herself. Nothing is right. Her thoughts went back nostalgically to Westmorland. In one flash of memory everyone was there: her friends Shelley and Margot laughing and nodding to her; Miss Ardyce and Miss Patrice and Bright Saying, her favorite horse. Westmorland!

Nothing here has really taken its place, she thought. Not a thing. Here there has been only trouble from the start—the bitter feud with Chris; the bothersome attentions of a boy she didn't like very well; the indifference of a boy she cared very much about, who had humiliated her and then forgotten all about her.

She felt something touch her legs and rolled over. Someone had thrown a blanket over her. It was Chris.

"Get up and walk around," Chris ordered. "Are you crazy? Lying there in that raw wind." She grabbed Jill's arm and pulled her up. They walked up and down the field until the chill had passed off.

"Listen," Chris said, "this game isn't lost. Westbrook's so busy concentrating on you that there's a wide-open gap down the center of their defense."

"Katie Decker's marking me," Jill replied. "How can I get away to send a single pass?"

"Mac, it's not Katie Decker you're really fighting," Jill swung around. "You're fighting homesickness. For Westmorland. Why don't you stop mentally running back to

your old school like a crybaby everytime you get hurt? You have to live here and now, Mac. You can't go back to the past. You have to fight your battles where you are."

For a moment Jill was angry, all the old antagonism boiling up with new strength. Chris plunged on. "You're still hanging on to the apron strings of Westmorland. Cut yourself loose, Mac."

Chris grabbed her arm, not giving her time to answer. "I know what will beat Katie Decker. Why not use that play you had us practice a few weeks ago?"

Curious in spite of her anger, Jill asked, "Which one?"

"Bypass her by sending the ball on her non-stick side, run past her on her stick side, and pick up the ball with your stick as it travels behind her."

Jill had never tried the play in a crucial game. She had seen it used by experts in club and international hockey matches. It required steady hands, speed, and daring.

She shook her head. "With the whole Westbrook defense marking me, I could never get away with it."

"I'll take care of the Westbrook girls," Chris answered, her mouth grim. She meant what she said. For that split second, Jill caught something of the sheer grit and stamina of the inner Chris.

She said, "All right, I'll try it."

Chris grabbed her arm again. "Don't say you'll try. Say you'll do it."

Jill nodded and walked over to center field for the bully. In her nervousness over the proposed play, she lost the bully. She watched the ball go from inner to wing and down the field toward the New Sharon goal. Then Chris, like a wildcat, was in the circle defending the goal. Jill stood with the other forwards on the twenty-five-yard line and waited for the ball. She clenched her fists around the handle of her stick as she watched Chris. Again and again Chris prevented a rush on goal. She literally wore out the forwards, beating them back until she found a gap through which she could send the ball to one of the backs and get it out of dangerous territory.

The ball went flying down the field toward the Westbrook goal. From wing to inner to Jill, the ball passed unobstructed. For a second, Jill felt exultant. Then there was Katie Decker marking her, running ahead of her to get the ball. This was the moment. Now was her chance to try Chris's play. Her only chance perhaps.

She dribbled the ball close to Katie, feinting as if to run past her, then with a strong twist of her wrists, she brought her stick against it and hurled it past Katie on her non-stick side. For an instant everything stood out sharp and clear to Jill, as it sometimes does at moments of crisis. She felt the sharpness of the wind, the biting cold in her mouth, the numbness of her almost frozen knees; she saw clouds low and gray and menacing; sometimes damp brushed her cheek. Snow! The first flurries of the storm had arrived at last. A flake struck her mouth, another hit her eyelid as she ran past Katie to pick up the ball behind her. Katie, startled by the sudden change of tactics, was thrown off balance. Before she knew what had happened, Jill was down the field into the circle at the Westbrook goal.

This was no time to pass. The ball and the goal were hers. She felt snow in her eyes, her nose, her mouth. She gripped the stick hard, too hard, and forced herself

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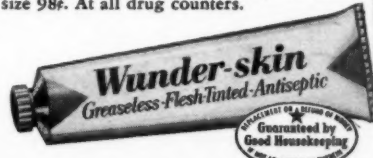
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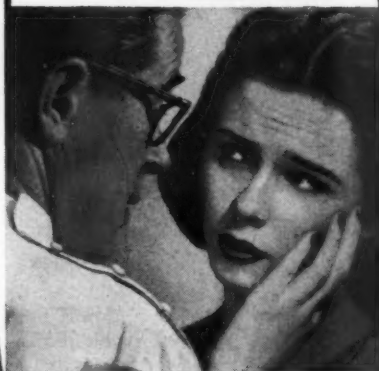
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to ease up before she could rush the goal. The goalie would expect a head-on rush; it would be a battle between her and Jill—a battle of wits and timing. The goalie was leaning forward, her knees slightly bent, ready for the rush. Jill scanned the circle. At the left was a gap in the defense where Katie should have been. If she dribbled the ball toward the gap instead of meeting the goalie head on, she would have a fair chance to angle it in. She would throw the goalie off on her timing. She dribbled to the left. The goalie, ready for the head-on rush, pivoted toward her but the moment when she might have met Jill and tackled the ball with her feet was gone. Jill gave the ball a clean, hard hit straight for the goal. It angled past the goalie and went in. The shot was perfect.

"Westbrook, one; New Sharon, one," the loud-speaker roared.

Jill felt a clap on the back. It was Chris. Her right eye closed in a slow, solemn wink.

Jill took her place for the bully. Through the flurries of snow, she could see the solid form of Katie Decker in her thick sweaters and purple uniform. Her very stance told Jill that from now on it was a fight to the finish.

The game went on. Katie stuck close to Jill. Her whole attitude shouted, "You caught me once, but you won't again!"

The field became slippery from the snow. The wind whistled through the open space with a mournful air. Some of the spectators gave up and went home. Jill had never played such a game of hockey. It was a nightmare—snow stinging her cheeks, wind howling across the open field, Katie rising before her like some avenging fate—like one of those dreams you try to wake up from and can't. Jill gave up wanting to win. She wished only for the ordeal to end.

Then out of nowhere the ball was almost on top of her feet. She stopped it with her stick and dribbled it along. She was aware of Katie running ahead of her, marking her with the skill of a giant cat even on this slippery field. At first Jill thought of trying the bypass play again. Something told her not to. Katie would be waiting for it, and she was too clever to be fooled a second time.

Dribbling on the wet turf was difficult, but Jill held onto the ball. She was using everything she had, fighting with every trick she knew. The Westbrook goal came out of the blur of snow to meet her. Then she lost the ball. Dribbling too hard, it slid on the wet turf and got away from her. Katie pounced on it. Her stick lofted it in a vicious stroke and the ball hit Jill just below the kneecap. Jill felt herself crumble under the impact, and she went sprawling on the wet turf.

The whistle screamed the game to a halt. Everyone was around Jill, calling out their concern.

"Is she badly hurt?"

"It's her knee."

"She can't get up."

"Yes, I can get up!" Jill struggled to her feet.

Mrs. Sargent was looking her over, examining her knee carefully. "Do you want to leave the game, Jill?" she asked.

"No, thanks, Jill said quickly. "I'll stick."

She limped to her position. Mrs. Bruce called a foul on Katie, and Chris got the ball for a free throw on the spot where Jill had gone down. Jill's leg felt sore. She

tried not to limp so that Mrs. Sargent would not take her out of the game.

If it lasts much longer, she thought, I'll have to get out.

Jill watched Chris. Her stick was poised against the ball, steadying it for the free throw. Her eyes went to Jill and she was trying to say something. She didn't have to say it. Jill knew her message as plainly as if she had shouted it.

"We're in this together, Mac!"

Chris sent the ball to Nan Sherwood and Nan cracked it over to Jill. Jill stood her ground, not moving an inch. There, from the square center of the line, she received the ball with her stick. Taking not more than a split second to steady it, she let it fly straight for the goal. It went with the speed and precision of a bullet aimed perfectly at a target. No goalie could have stopped it. The goal was made for New Sharon.

Roars went up around her, but they were lost on Jill. Only one thing loomed in her consciousness. She was bone tired and her

leg throbbed. She turned and stumbled across the field in the direction of the substitute bench. I can't make it, she thought. I'm going down. In front of all these people!

Then someone was there, holding her up. She blinked the snow out of her eyes. It was Dave, his eyes full of concern.

"How'd you get here?" was all she could say.

"I flew." He was smiling, and somehow the tiredness and pain didn't matter when Dave smiled at her. The whistle cut into their talk.

"The game's over," he said. "You won it for New Sharon."

She limped along, leaning on his supporting arm. "Chris, too," she answered. "Funny how things work out, isn't it?"

"It sure is," he replied, and his face was quite serious, except for that little pucker around his mouth. "It's good to see you, Jill." He drew her closer and gripped her waist more firmly. "I never thought that you and I would be having our Sadie Hawkins dance in a snowstorm on the hockey field," he said. (To be concluded)

Paper Does It!

but soon decided that paper alone allowed for more flexibility. She and her artist husband, Harold Egan, through their cleverly designed patterns, have succeeded in making the hobby available to young people all over the United States.

The designs shown here were created especially for American Girl readers. And watch for the cover on the December issue, with a paper sculpture Santa Claus much like the one you yourself can make.

With the patterns developed by the Egons, young sculptors must first cut out the pieces of the figure they wish to make. Suppose you want to make the angel centerpiece. After cutting out the pattern pieces for the angel, trace them onto colored craft paper. Be sure to trace all dotted lines and slits, too. Once more, go to work with your scissors and cut along the outlines you have just traced. With a penknife, make slits where there are black lines. Now you are ready to use the paper sculpture techniques of folding, curling, and shaping. Simple instructions on the pattern sheet tell you what to do with each piece.

Suppose the instructions call for "curling." For this you can use closed scissors, or a small ruler. Place paper between your thumb and scissors. Applying gentle pressure with your thumb against the paper, move the scissors outward. Keep repeating this motion until the paper is curled the way you want it. Curling of hair, beards, or other parts of your figures adds liveliness and interest.

Some of the pieces may have to be "shaped" to give your sculpture added roundness. Shaping, which is similar to curling, is also done with scissors. Hold the scissors in the same way as you would for curling, and make sweeping outward motions until you have a wavy effect.

After each piece has been cut out and individually put into shape, you're ready to assemble the separate parts by fitting tabs

(Continued from page 13)

into slits in the correct order. Complete your sculpture by adding a dab of glue, a bit of gummed paper, or cellulose tape to each joint. You now have a sturdy, lasting ornament that will give hours of fun.

In using the methods of paper sculpture—cutting, folding, curling and shaping—you are developing skill and nimbleness in your fingers. Once you're accustomed to working with paper, you can call upon your imagination and create paper-sculpture variations of your own.

The paper Santa Claus, for instance, will look twice as appealing with a "Mrs. Santa Claus" by his side. Vary the original pattern by cutting off Santa's beard and lengthening the coat into a skirt.

The angel centerpiece can have wings that point outward or fold downward instead of standing up. Change the color of her hair, wings, and robe. Leave off her wings and you'll have a pixie-faced doll.

No two snowflakes are shaped alike, so you'll want to make each of your sculptured snowflakes different. Snip the six points of this ornament in different places, making some long, some short, some pointed, and others round. Make one from silver or gold paper.

If you're interested in birdlore, you'll enjoy having sculptures of several kinds of birds. Using the same bird pattern, you can shorten or lengthen the tail, change the shape of the head and wings until you have duplicated the characteristics of other winged creatures. Maybe you and your friends have formed a Junior Audubon Club. If so, the beautiful bird outlines and color plates of the National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y., will serve as your guide in altering your bird pattern.

When you've become really adept at paper sculpture, you can abandon the original patterns completely and draw your own designs for birds, fish, animals, human faces, or pretty geometric ornaments. THE END

Coming Next Month

Bright as a holly berry, the December issue forecasts the gaiety of the holiday season with tips on dancing-party manners and hairdos; recipes for good things to eat in "Christmas Kitchen"; suggestions for gifts to stuff in Christmas stockings; a story by Alice Hagan, "Christmas Star," to warm your heart with the spirit of the season; the answer to the question "Should I send him a Christmas card?" in "Just a Beginning" by Delores Lehr.

Judy gets a jolt!

THERE'S TIM FORD, SIS. DIDN'T HE USED TO BE YOUR FELLOW?

WHY DO YOU SAY, "USED TO BE?"

CAUSE THERE'S A DREAM GIRL WITH HIM NOW!

IT'S LAURA DUNHAM! I HAVE A-A-A HEADACHE. GUESS I WON'T STAY FOR THE PICTURE.

(SOS) (SOS)! WHY CAN'T MY SKIN LOOK LIKE LAURA'S! I'D GIVE 10 YEARS OF MY LIFE TO FIND SOMETHING TO HELP HEAL THESE AWFUL BLEMISHES!

10 DAYS WILL BE ENOUGH JUDY.

Here's how the Noxzema Lady told Judy to help her blemished* skin

1. Tonight: Apply Noxzema; wring out a cloth in warm water; wash as if using soap. Skin looks fresh and clean!
2. Apply Noxzema and pat a bit extra over blemishes* to help heal them—fast! It's medicated!
3. Morning: 'Cream-wash' again; apply Noxzema to help protect your skin all day. Greaseless—doesn't shine.

Get Noxzema today! Big 85¢ size only 59¢ plus tax at drug, cosmetic counters. Limited time only *externally-caused

10 DAYS LATER

JUDY, YOU GET PRETTIER EVERY TIME I SEE YOU!

LIFE IS CERTAINLY DIFFERENT! NOXZEMA IS SUCH A HELP!

it's fun to play
FAMOUS
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MONOPOLY Parker Brothers' Trade-Mark Name for its Real Estate Trading Game

It's terrific! Players can make their fortunes, or land in jail — buy and sell properties — own hotels, run railroads! Three fine editions: \$3, \$4, \$10

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The tail-ender always has a chance to win! \$2.50

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Fast play, easy scoring! \$2, \$3, \$5

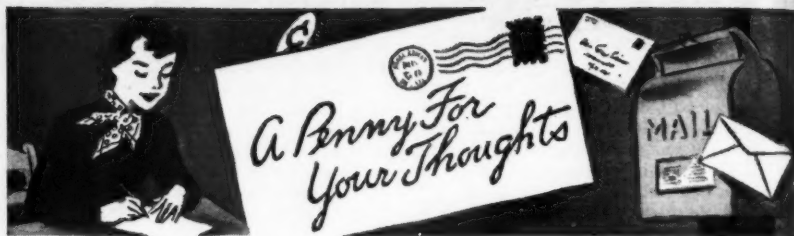
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"How To Have Family Fun and Popular Parties." Send 25c, with name and address, to: Parker Brothers, Inc., Dept. 31, Salem, Mass.



LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: *Goal for Jill* is now getting better than *Double Date*. *Hairsbreadth* was really very helpful because my hair is long and very hard to manage. Thank you ever so much for *Be Quick on the Pickup*. My room has improved 100 per cent since I read it. How about a story for us future secretaries?

SHARLENE GOTTlieb (age 15)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA: Would you please have an article on games to play at a boy and girl party.

I wish you would keep the fashions on the inside instead of on the cover. I like the fashions very much and enjoy reading *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. The stories will always come first, but I also like the beauty tips! And I think *By You* is very interesting.

LEONE AKINS (age 13)

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA: I was so very pleased to find *Teen-Ager* . . . *Scottish Style* and I hope you will continue to have more of that series in the near future.

Be Quick on the Pickup suited me to a "T". My family is always bawling me out for leaving articles astray. *Gateway to Adventure* was marvelous. Just think how much thought and time goes into each tiny postage stamp.

JUDY JORDAN (age 13)

BIG DELTA, ALASKA: I don't know whether or not you've ever heard of Big Delta, as it's practically a hole in the road! My father is the Territorial Policeman located here. I go to school on an Army Air Force base about four miles away. There are approximately eighty-five students here.

I hope that sometime during the winter months you will have an article on ice skating or skiing as they are my favorite sports.

Your magazine is "peachy keen" and I hope you'll keep up the wonderful work! The new serial, in my opinion, is the best yet except I can hardly wait until next month to see what's going to happen!

JENNIE MORRIS (age 14)

BERKS, ENGLAND: I would like to thank you very much for such a wonderful magazine.

I am sure we have nothing like it in England. I am a Girl Guide of the 20th Reading Company and find *All Over the Map* very helpful. I am working for my First Class badge and have used a lot of the photos in my Guide scrap book.

Your magazine is kindly being sent to me by my pen pal, Patricia Pennupacker, to whom I am very grateful.

I think perhaps that the articles I like best are *By You*, *All Over the Map*, and *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. I like to hear what other girls think of your splendid magazine.

JENNIFER M. CLARIDGE (age 14)

LUZON, PHILIPPINES: Although I am a boy I just love reading your stories and especially

your jokes. In my country, not only do girls read this magazine but most boys here are interested in it. Your issues come to us through our Public Library which is managed by an American.

FERNANDO RIURRA JR. (age 15)

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY: I especially like *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, also *Goal for Jill*. My mother just loved the serial *Ware Falcon*.

I like *Recipe Exchange*. I read all of the recipes in the August book. I tried Pink Velvet pie. My father ate half of it. I am a Girl Scout.

DIANE LATTANZIO (age 11)

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA: Each month since last December, I wait anxiously for THE AMERICAN GIRL.

My pen pal Carolyn Phipps has sent a year's subscription, and I want to thank both you and Carolyn, and also congratulate you for this beautiful magazine.

I simply adore your fashions and the stories are the best of this sort that I have ever read. I also enjoy, *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, *Jokes*, and beauty hints very much. We have no magazine like this in Australia.

SERENA JOYNES (age 13)

PALOS VERDES ESTATES, CALIFORNIA: The other day I was looking through my old AMERICAN GIRL magazines when I came across one cover picture (December, 1948) that especially attracted my attention. It was nothing fancy but the girl was cute and pixie-like so I turned to the back of the book to see who it was. I was very surprised to see that it was Maggi McNamara of stage and screen fame! Immediately I looked through my other magazines to see if there were any more covers of her and sure enough, she appeared in the May, 1949 issue also.

I think it is wonderful that now she is becoming so famous—and with all that talent and freshness, no wonder!

DRUSILLA EATON (age 17)

WESTTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA: I thank you for a wonderful magazine. My girl friend and I both receive it, and I send it to my pen pal in Scotland, and we agree it's tops!

Your fashions are very cute, and beauty articles are very helpful.

I was glad to see *Teen-ager* . . . *Scottish Style* in your September issue, as it gave me a good idea as to how a Scottish girl (like my pen pal) lives.

CAROL WALLWORK (age 12)

NEW CASTLE, PENNSYLVANIA: I liked especially your article *Gateway to Adventure*, because I own about 4,000 stamps of my own. *Goal for Jill* is wonderful. The *Patterns* are cute.

BARBARA RICHARD (age 13)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: The September cover was very cute. All of the fiction stories rated tops with me. *Goal for Jill* gets better every month. *Be Quick on the Pickup* was a well written and interesting article.

The Music Stand could be improved if every month the ten top tunes of the month would be included. Also I would like to read some career stories about secretaries, reporters, librarians, etc. But who am I to complain when *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is my favorite magazine.

SUSAN DAVID (age 13)

JACKSON, MICHIGAN: I find your magazine is just my type! I read your whole book, from page to page, gladly!

In the *By You* section, some stories are sickening. They should have gay and romance stories, not hardship and other boring things.

I liked your story *Date on Moose Lake*, very much. Your new story *Goal for Jill* is good! Your fashions are cute!

I am a Girl Scout, of Troop 102.

You have a wonderful magazine Three cheers!

MARION IWANICKI (age 12)

NEW HYDE PARK, NEW YORK: I thought *Hairsbreadth* was wonderful and just what we all needed. I started using the hints immediately. *Goal for Jill* is super. I can't wait for the finish.

PRISCILLA FINK (age 13)

WASHINGTON, D. C.: I think your September cover is awfully cute. The sections I enjoy most in your magazine are *By You* and *Books*.

I like *Goal for Jill* very much. *Date on Moose Lake* was wonderful but I didn't care so much for *Castles in the Sand*.

Your beauty tips are very helpful and your fashions are tops. Please have some more Libba Marling stories as I simply adore them.

JUDY LEEDS (age 15)

SEWANEE, TENNESSEE: I like your *Recipe Exchange* very much. Last Christmas my brother gave me a recipe file box. I went through all my old *AMERICAN GIRLS* and copied the recipes.

Every one of the children read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. My older brother and I enjoy the stories, especially the continued ones. My mother enjoys looking at the clothes ads. Please have some more stories and articles about ballet. I loved *Impromptu*. I forgot to say that my twelve-year-old brother likes the jokes page best.

JUDITH BERKELEY

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND: My pen pal, Judy Klann of Buckley, Illinois, sent me a copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and I thought I would write and let you know how much I enjoyed it. Here in Scotland we leave school at fifteen. As I am now fifteen, I have started my first job in a large fashion store in the center of Glasgow. I love it very much. My biggest ambition is to go to America, and if I went now I wouldn't mind going back to school. I liked *All Over the Map* very much as I am a Girl Guide.

MARGARET RAE (age 15)

THE END

Please send your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address

Fashion "Do's" and "Don'ts"



DON'T let an over-long strand of pearls spill over your new stand-away collar. It spoils the flattering line . . . looks dowdy.



DO choose pearls or a necklace in the smart short length that fits *inside* the curve of your collar.



DON'T let a tiny waistline go unnoticed—by tucking your blouse or sweater into your skirt and letting it go at that.



DO add a slick leather belt—shaped to make your waist seem even slighter. See how it perks up your whole outfit.



DON'T let "those days" get you down—spoil your peace of mind and your good times. It's so unnecessary!



DO read "Growing Up and Liking It," the free Modess booklet that tells how to look and feel your best *all* the time.



Anne Shelby, Personal Products Corp., Box 5351-11, Milltown, N.J.

Please send me, in plain wrapper, a free copy of "Growing Up and Liking It." (Good only in U.S.A. and Canada)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

City _____ State _____



"A sailor's life is the life for me!" Mariner Scouts of Troop "Naïad" of Newport Harbor, California, enjoy every minute they spend aboard ship

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS, working together, carried out an important joint project this summer at Camp Edey, a Girl Scout camp on Long Island, New York. And it would be hard to tell which had the most fun or got the most satisfaction from the job.

In the spring a group of fathers formed a Men's Auxiliary to help with the program of the Levittown, New York, Girl Scouts. One of the first things they learned was that with so many girls eager to enjoy camping, additional facilities were needed at Camp Edey. So the Auxiliary offered its services to the Mid-Island Council, to build Adirondack lean-tos at the camp on Saturdays.

While the fathers measured and sawed and hammered beams and boards into place, the girls cleared away underbrush, fetched and carried for the builders, manned the pump and the water buckets. Most important, they prepared and served hearty lunches when the whole group took time out for a noon rest.

The Men's Auxiliary has co-operated in fund-raising and leader-recruitment drives, and in providing transportation for the girls when needed. "One of our most valuable experiences, however," says the chairman, "is sharing Scouting's many worth-while activities with our daughters."

FARTHER OUT ON LONG ISLAND, the last nail had scarcely been hammered when the first day campers were following the lovely woods road to the new campsite of the Riverhead Girl Scouts. The camp,

which will serve as a year-round troop and overnight camp, was made possible by the financial and manpower co-operation of the whole community, and is the realization of a dream of the Riverhead Town Local Council.

The camp sign was still leaning against a tree, waiting permanent placement, when it caught the attention of a group from another Girl Scout camp, looking for an overnight stop on a bicycle trip. Delighted to have an opportunity so soon to offer hospitality to other Scouts, the Riverhead girls gave the cyclists a cordial invitation to use the camp.

These Long Island girls have taken to camping like Long Island ducks to water, and have many exciting plans for their campsite.

A LARGE SWIMMING POOL is one of the main attractions at Camp Stigwandish, which Girl Scouts in the Massasauga Area Council, Ashtabula, Ohio, have rented from the Boy Scouts for a camping period each year for the past four summers.

This fine camp gives the girls an opportunity for every type of camping—cabin, tent, and primitive. Swimming, hiking, exploring, outdoor cooking were, of course, among the activities. Nature work, dramatics, singing, folk dancing, and games gave interest and variety to the program. All-camp campfires drew the various units together

All Over the Map

Headline News

In Girl Scouting



Philippine Rangers in San Francisco examine some of the vegetable seeds which Girl Scouts of the United States contributed to "Seeds for Democracy"

for song fests and fun. Every camper went home with new skills learned, and happy memories of fun and adventure.

WITH A BIG LANDLOCKED BAY—perfect for small boating and swimming—at their front door, it is natural that Mariner Scouting should be popular with the Newport Harbor, California, Girl Scouts. Mariner troop *Naïad* does not yet have its own boat. But many of the girls own small sailboats, and the troop's sponsors and other friends have made boats available, so the troop has ample opportunity to practice seamanship.

A Mariner Gam is one of the highlights of the year for the California Mariners. At the Gam, Mariners from several councils spend a week end together, learning from the experiences of one another; giving exhibitions of their skills in everything from boating and swimming to knots and semaphore signaling.

Senior Service Scouts of Newport Harbor

are especially active as Hospital Aides. As Aides they volunteer for thirty hours of service, and many of the girls continue to serve at the hospital after their volunteer work is completed.

An established camp is the present goal of the Newport Harbor Scouts, and we wish them the best of luck.

GIRL SCOUTS TRAVELED far and wide this summer. Troop 27 of the Gulfside Area Council in Sarasota, Florida, went to Cuba on a visit for which they had planned and worked for two years. As their travel fund grew with the help of bake and rummage sales, Christmas and gift-card sales and other projects, they learned everything they could about Cuba. With their leaders they planned their trip—from Sarasota to Miami, Miami to Cuba, and back again. By the time they were through with immigration papers, customs declarations, and other

Capitol and famous Morro Castle. They watched cigars being made; spent their money in the tempting shops.

On Sunday morning they attended church services with a troop of Cuban Girl Scouts in an ancient church in the old section of Havana. Afterward they went to the Cuban troop's meeting place for a visit. Neither troop spoke the other's language. But the Cuban Girl Scout director interpreted for them, and singing together proved a mutual bond. All too soon came time to board the boat for home.

In Miami they went through Customs again, then took a long sightseeing bus trip before leaving for Sarasota.

The members of Troop 27 received their Curved Bars just before their Cuban trip, becoming the first Curved Bar troop in the area. After their return, they were luncheon guests of their sponsoring organization and gave a report on the activities of their Intermediate Scout years. Each girl reported on a different activity—camping, inter-troop and area activities; community service; international friendship and the trip to Cuba.

THE PHILIPPINE RANGERS who came to the United States this summer as one of the Friendship Teams from other countries had a very special message for the Girl Scouts of the United States. They wanted to tell them how much the packages of "Seeds for Democracy" had meant to their homeland; how important these seeds had been in the rebuilding of the Philippine economy. They wanted to say "Thank you" to all the Girl Scout groups which sent these vitally needed vegetable seeds.

The Philippine Rangers were enthusiastic about all their experiences in this country—from living with Girl

Scouts at Camp Sugar Pine to shopping in San Francisco—and they all hope to come back some day for another visit.

"KNOW AND OBEY TRAFFIC LAWS" was the overall slogan of a safety program sponsored by the Washington County Girl Scout Council in Hagerstown, Maryland. All the activities were planned by the Girl Planning Committee (made up of one representative from each troop in the council) and were carried out by the various troops.

Handmade posters with safety slogans made up by the troops were put up where they would attract the most attention. Newspapers and the local radio station used these slogans as "spot" news. One troop prepared a ten-minute skit showing the part school patrols play in traffic safety, and presented it during a performance at a local theater. Another troop demonstrated safety precautions on a TV safety program, and two other troops presented radio skits.

In a demonstration designed to point up vividly the importance of knowing and obeying traffic laws, one group used bandaged girls, a wheel-chair "patient," and a stretcher case."

There is no town too small to have a traffic-safety problem these days, and this program might be adapted by other Girl Scout groups to their own local problems.

AT THE FIRST COURT OF AWARDS of Troop 37 in San Gabriel, California, one of the most attractive displays was the group of photographs and albums exhibited by the girls who had earned the Photography badge.

When the girls began work on this badge, the grandfather of one of them offered to act as adviser. He explained the workings of each girl's camera to her; taught them techniques and tricks of lighting and composition; allowed them to develop their negatives in his own darkroom. At local camerashops they were shown how to make enlargements and to do special kinds of developing. To complete her badge work, each girl made an album of the photographs she had made in the required groups.

Is it any wonder that the Photography badge display was so admired?

FOR THE GIRL SCOUTS of Fort Collins, Colorado, who love the water there is a lively Mariner troop. For those who are never so happy as when on a horse, there is an equally lively Mounted Troop. And both troops work together in a fine program of community service activities.

Painting the town's fire plugs has been one of the ways in which they have helped their Fire Department. During the department's annual toy drive at Christmas, they also help to collect and repair the toys. They have worked at polling places during elections, and have distributed pamphlets for the Civilian Defense unit.

Each troop has had plenty of fun in its own particular field. The Mariners have earned money and bought a boat, and outings with the Sea Scouts at Horse Tooth Dam are among the good times they are planning.

The Mounted Troop has enjoyed its Sunday afternoon riding lessons immensely. The girls are learning to do group riding, and have mastered several tricky square-dance routines. A hayrack ride was part of the fun this summer, and their plans include a long horseback ride and, come winter, an old-fashioned sleigh ride.

THE END

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

This department is for news about Girl Scouts everywhere: what they are doing and how they are doing it. Girl Scouts—and Girl Guides too—from all over the world tell us how much they enjoy reading about your activities, what fine ideas you have given them in this department. So please continue to send us good accounts of your fun, your community services, your special or pet projects. And send us photographs—(4" x 5" are fine) glossy prints, large and clear—that will reproduce well in the magazine. Pictures that tell a story are best, with the girls in good poses, busy with some activity.

Remember, this is the Girl Scouts' very own department—let's make it a good one!



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Many hands make light work, and everyone pitches in to help as Girl Scouts of Levittown, New York, and their fathers build a lean-to at Camp Edey

technicalities they knew how much is involved in a trip abroad—even to a place as close to home as Cuba!

When a grant-in-aid from the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund brought their travel fund to the necessary amount, they worked out the many last-minute details, and everything was ready. Early one morning six girls and two leaders settled themselves in a bus for the six-hour ride to Miami, where they boarded the boat for the overnight trip to Cuba.

The next morning they were out on deck early to see their boat enter the beautiful harbor of Havana.

The girls were quickly through Customs, and had time for a refreshing swim in the hotel pool before setting out on their first tour. The sightseeing trips, all with a guide, were fascinating to girls and leaders. They visited the old sections of the city, with their ancient, Old-World look; the newer, modern areas; the suburbs and country villages. They were taken through the beautiful



Marsh Photographers Inc.

Members of the Cincinnati Senior Planning Board and advisors make Convention plans

There was work and fun
for the 2,000 Seniors
at Girl Scout Convention

National Role for Seniors

by MARGERY LAWRENCE

IT'S OCTOBER 18, day of the Girl Scout National Convention. The scene is the vast auditorium of the Cincinnati Gardens, flooded with light that shines on a gold-bordered trefoil stage.

Suddenly, the lights are dimmed, and a hush falls on the fourteen thousand spectators. In a spotlight stands a lone Boy Scout bugler. As his clear call pierces the stillness, six more spotlights fall on the entrance doors. Through them, and down the aisles that run like spokes of a great wheel toward the trefoil, march two thousand Girl Scouts, and almost a thousand of their Brownie sisters, to the stirring strains of the Processional from "Aida," played by the ninety-piece Cincinnati Symphony orchestra. The Scouts take their places around the trefoil, ready to salute the National President of the Girl Scouts, Mrs. Roy F. Layton, as she in turn enters with an escort of five Scouts.

A spotlight follows her to the balcony reserved for her. And again there is a hush as she declares the thirty-second Convention of the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. in session. Then one Scout, in a firm but gentle voice, repeats the Girl Scout Promise. She is renewing it for herself and for nearly two million Girl Scouts from coast to coast.

Strictly speaking, the Convention was the meeting of the National Council of the Girl Scouts—the adult governing body which comes together every two years to give the movement its guidance and direction. But anyone who went to Cincinnati could tell you it was a whole lot more than that—an exciting and never-to-be-forgotten get-together of Girl Scout leadership and girls from all over the United States! A chance

to experience what it really means to be a sister to every other Girl Scout, and to be thrilled by a sense of the bigness and significance and real democracy of the movement to which they belonged.

Senior Girl Scouts who went to the Convention mingled with others like themselves who had come from far places—from cities and towns and countryside—and who had much to share with them. And they all had much to share with the adults. Girl Scouting has always been a partnership of young people and grown-ups. These Seniors had experienced the democratic give-and-take in their troops, in community projects, in regional meetings many had attended. Now they were seeing it work out at the highest level of Scouting—the national level. And they were learning things which might stand them in good stead when someday they might sit on the National Council themselves.

This was the fourth Convention to include Seniors. But until this year, only those over sixteen had been invited to take part in the Convention's work; now the opportunity had been extended to all Seniors, regardless of age. Of course, in some home towns this gave rise to as much debate as parents sometimes engage in on the subject of how old a girl should be to go out with boys! But in the end, almost everybody felt that what the girls could contribute, and what they could learn, was just too important to be skipped. So, this year, hundreds did get to the Convention. Some had their expenses paid out of their Girl Scout council's funds, and the councils, according to their means, sent anywhere from two girls to large Senior delegations. In some instances the girls to

go were selected by their council; in many cases the Scouts in a community chose their representatives themselves. Many troops and many groups of Seniors worked and saved for a whole year in order to finance the trip to Cincinnati.

Was it worth it? The Seniors at Convention certainly seemed to think it was. For one thing, very careful plans had been laid in advance, so that they might be sure to share in the important work that was scheduled for the meeting; and also for between-session activities that would give them a chance to discuss among themselves the new developments and issues and projects that were coming up, and then make their point of view heard on the Convention floor itself. A committee of girls had been asked by the Convention Committee to plan this Senior participation, and the Cincinnati Senior Planning Board had worked on the details for almost a year. Seniors who attended the 1951 Convention in Boston had given their advice and suggestions, too. No wonder this time the Senior role was a great success.

What did the Seniors do at Convention? Why, lots of things! Their meetings in the Senior Center that had been provided for them turned into lively discussion groups, sometimes planned, sometimes quite impromptu. Some of the new conditions and trends and national policies the National Council was to consider had important meaning for these girls. For instance, as Seniors, they had a great stake in the proposal to drop the minimum-age requirement for leaders and assistant leaders, for many of them would be tapped for leadership if the new policy was adopted.

(Continued on page 45)

Please, Telephone, Ring!

(Continued from page 15)

Mother would regard Pat with that tender, worried look. "Would you like to go tonight, dear?" Mother understood all too well.

Pat would not want to go, of course. Mother would feel she should stay at home, too. Dad would be puzzled and Bobby mad.

"Gee, you always spoil everything." That would be Bobby. Dad and Mother would both start talking, trying to keep him from saying too much.

But on this night, the pattern changed. Mother put the cover firmly on the vegetable dish, smothering the smell of Brussels sprouts.

"It's such a horrible night," she announced. "I don't think I want to go to the movies."

"All right, dear." Dad spoke too quickly. "Bobby and I will go alone."

Bobby just nodded.

This was a conspiracy. Pat looked across the table at Mother who so rarely missed Saturday night at the movies. When the paper came in the late afternoon she opened it quickly to see what was playing at the theaters that night. And now, for Pat, she would give up her one little spree.

"I'd like to go to the movies with you," Pat said.

They did not understand, but they were glad. They spoke of the fun of being a family. Pat hardly heard them. She was still listening for the sound of a bell. Please, please, make it ring before we go.

But it did not ring. Pat put on her red coat and boots and tied a print scarf over her head. She heard Dad getting out the car. There was nothing to do but go to the movies with the family.

In the car, she sat quietly. Her chest was hollow with the fear that she would see Bruce and Elaine together.

She walked across the lobby with her head high, but her eyes darted quickly here and there. She did not see them then, or later, as she watched the dark figures coming down the aisle. She did not see them when she came out, squinting in the sudden light. And then she was in the car. Safe!

"What say we go to the Chocolate Shoppe?" Dad suggested.

Oh, no! cried Pat in anguish. Everyone would be at the Chocolate Shoppe. "Couldn't we take some ice cream home?"

"But I want a banana split," Bobby whined.

"How about the drugstore up on Pine Street? Would that be all right, Pat?" Mother asked anxiously.

If only Mother would stop understanding. Pat said, "Okay," and crossed her fingers. One night she and Bruce had stopped at that drugstore.

She wanted to get there, to have it over, but the tangle of traffic made them crawl. Rain splashed loudly against the roof and the wet street shone with reflected lights. When at last Dad stopped in front of the drugstore, the car tilted strangely to one side.

"A flat," Dad moaned. "Take a look, Bobby, will you?"

Bobby reported that it was a honey.

"You folks go on in and have your ice cream," Dad said. "I'd better get right to Jones's garage."

"I'll go with you," Pat said quickly in a rush of relief. She changed to the front seat and waved good-bye to Bobby and Mother.

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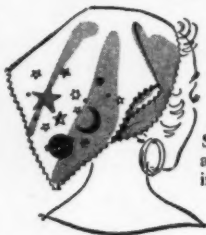
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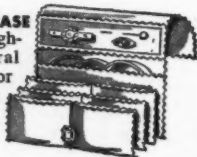
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The car wobbled slowly to the nearby garage and came to a stop with a jerk. Through the wet windowpane, Pat saw a blurred figure coming toward them. She thought she recognized a boy from school and she rolled down the window. Why, it was! It was Jack Reynolds, who was a class ahead of hers at school.

Jack leaned down and peered into the car, "Hello," he said. "You're Pat Murray, aren't you?"

"Yes." Pat's smile widened. He knew her. "Dad, I'd like you to meet Jack Reynolds."

"How do you, sir? Can we help you?"

"Is it too late to get a tire changed?" Dad could have acknowledged the introduction.

"No sir. Drive right in," Jack said.

Inside the garage, they got out of the car. Jack had stopped to get his tools and to take off his dripping raincoat. As he came toward them in his blue denim shirt, Pat noticed how wide his shoulders were.

"Mr. Jones is in his office," he said. "He would like you to come in and sit down."

"Thanks," said Dad. "You coming, Pat?"

"No, I'll wait here."

"Suit yourself." Dad looked as if he thought she was crazy but he left without saying anything more.

Jack looked up from his tools and smiled. "That's a nice outfit you're wearing," he said. "Especially those red boots."

"Do you like them, really?" Pat felt her face grow hot. She had not meant to sound so soft and responsive, but his liking the boots was an echo of Bruce.

"They're snappy." Jack's brown eyes were still crinkled in a smile when he bent down to take off the tire wheel.

"I didn't know you worked here," Pat said.

"Just week ends."

"You mean you work every Saturday night?" Pat was incredulous, filled with pity. All the fun things were on Saturday nights. "You must miss the basketball games and parties."

"I don't mind." Jack glanced up. "A fellow has to make a choice and I am saving money for college. I'm going to be an engineer."

"Are you really?" Pat stepped nearer. Imagine having your life all planned like that. It gave Jack a grown-up glamour.

Jack only nodded as he worked on the wheel. Pat stood admiring his broad, strong back. His hair was nice, too, black and curly. She undid the scarf that covered her head and began to fluff her own hair.

Once, as he took the old wheel off, Jack flashed a smile in her direction. But then, absorbed in his task, he seemed to forget her completely. She searched wildly for something to say to recapture his attention.

"We stopped for some ice cream and piff went the tire right in front of the store," she tried. It sounded silly.

"Always happens on a rainy night." Jack did not look up from his work.

"It didn't matter to me," Pat told him, "but it was rough on my father."

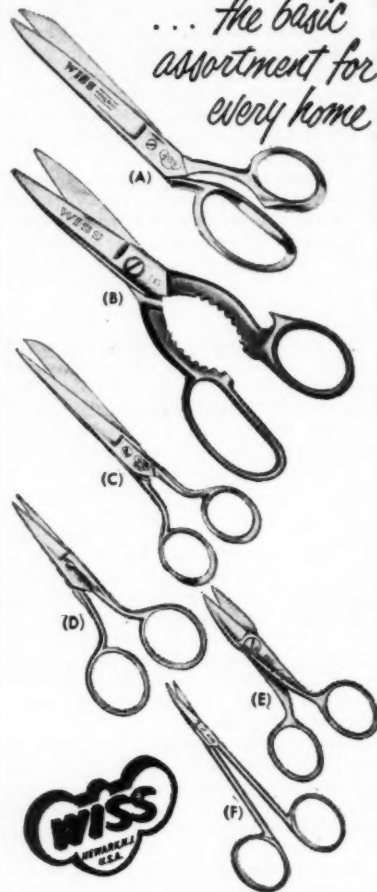
This time Jack did not answer at all but just went on tightening the bolts on the wheel. The only sound was the clank of his wrench. Pat wished she had not spoken again.

Then he picked up his tools and straightened up. "Sorry I couldn't be more sociable. I have been trying to hurry."

"Oh, that's all right." Pat noticed a smudge of dirt on his face and she thrust

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her hands into her pockets to keep herself from wiping it off.

"Too bad you had to miss your ice cream." He grinned.

Pat laughed and shrugged a little. "I didn't care."

Jack glanced down at his workclothes. "I'm not all spiffed up," he told her. "But there's a diner down the block. Maybe you and I could drop in there."

"Now?" In her pockets, Pat's hands tightened into fists.

"Well, if it's not too late," he answered.

Pat heard footsteps on the asphalt floor. "C'm' on, Pat," Dad called. "The garage is closing. We're taking Mr. Jones home."

"Jack wants me to go to the diner with him." Pat tried to be casual, hoping Dad would notice and take a cue. He hesitated, looking uncertain.

"That is if it's all right with you, Mr. Murray," Jack said easily to Dad.

"She'll be in good hands," Mr. Jones interceded. "I'll vouch for that boy."

"Well—don't stay late." Dad patted her shoulder and he and Mr. Jones climbed into the car. She watched them back out, her heart thudding with a scary exhilaration.

Beside her, Jack's voice was reassuring. "Will you be all right here alone for a minute? I'll hurry and get myself cleaned up."

She turned to him, smiling. "I'll be all right."

And then she was waiting, not for Bruce, but for Jack. Somehow she knew that this, at last, was her final relinquishing of Bruce. She could not help feeling a pang of regret, and yet it was wonderfully exciting to be thinking about someone new.

Why that was it! For the first time Pat understood what had happened between her and Bruce. Nothing had been wrong. It was only that the time had come for them both to move on. She realized now how right it was—there would be other boys, several of them perhaps, before she finished college and met the man she would marry.

"Funny Bruce knew it first," she thought. "He's really such a kid."

THE END

March Recipe Exchange Announcement

Subject: Citrus Fruits

Date Due: November 20, 1953

Each month we will announce in the magazine the kind of cookery for which we wish recipes. The recipe you send in **MUST** be one that you have used successfully. For every recipe printed **THE AMERICAN GIRL** will pay \$1.00.

We should also like to receive letters telling how and why you have found your recipe especially helpful or valuable.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes and letters must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink.
2. Recipes and letters must be on separate sheets. Recipes should be written on one side of the paper only.
3. In the upper right-hand corner of the recipe sheet, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.
4. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.
5. All recipes submitted become the property of the **AMERICAN GIRL** Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.
6. Address all entries to Cooking Editor, **American Girl Magazine**, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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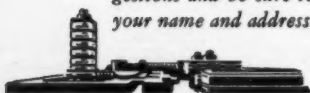
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SPEAKING OF MOVIES



THE VILLAGE—The locale for this—the famed Pastalozzi Children's Village in the Swiss Alps, where more than two hundred war orphans have found a home, is an interest provoking and significant set. Alan Manning (John Justin), the English children's housemaster, tells the story on Xmas day of how he has come to stay permanently in the Village. As the tale unfolds, it discloses the lives of a little German girl, a Polish boy, a romance, and a community of walls. (United Artists)

KISS ME KATE—Slated to be one of the year's top musicals, it offers just about everything—color, 3-D, Cole Porter melodies, romance, comedy. A play within a play. Musical star Frederick Graham's (Howard Keel) ex-wife Lilli Vanessi (Kathryn Grayson) is a prototype of Shakespeare's famous shrew, Katherine. Fred gets Lilli to sing lead opposite him in his new production. How Fred finally tames his shrew makes a mad melange of entertainment. (M-G-M)



PARATROOPER—The scene for this graphic and gripping war drama is "somewhere in England." Alan Ladd, a former American pilot, is suffering a nervous and enlists in a British paratroop training camp to avoid the responsibility of giving orders. Brusque and unfriendly at first, he later changes—but is ever appealing as the man of action who thinks with a fist, a knife, or a bazooka. Fine photography, realistic dialogue, make this a can't bet. (Columbia)

THOSE REDHEADS FROM SEATTLE—A highly likable musical with 3-D and Technicolor offers an adventure story of the Yukon in the '90's. The cast is headed by Rhonda Fleming, Gene Barry, Agnes Moorehead; but for our money it is the singing stars that are the most enticing. You'll hear fine numbers from Teresa Brewer, Guy Mitchell, and the Bell Sisters. We forecast you are going to like Guy Mitchell as a fine screen personality. (Paramount)



by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK

National Role for Seniors

(Continued from page 40)

They served as Aides in many of the Convention activities: most importantly, perhaps, on the Convention floor where they could be easily spotted by the bright red bands on their caps. Every girl who registered in advance had a chance to choose from sixteen different Aide jobs. Journalism students helped in the press booth; counselors-in-training had first chance in distributing information on camping; a whole corps of Seniors assisted the Elections Committee with voting procedures during the sessions. Others, according to their tastes, ran projection machines, helped demonstrate office procedures, directed sightseeing tours of Cincinnati, or took turns in the information and the lost-and-found booths.

The social events the Seniors will remember longest and best were their own Sunday tea and the Senior Supper. At the tea, girls from many regions got to know one another. "Falk" was there—the beloved Guider who has been in charge of "Our Chalet," the Girl Scout international home in Switzerland, for twenty years, and who told them its story. At the Supper, Lady Baden-Powell, World Chief Guider, was the guest of honor. And of course, there was lively chatter about Senior dances, as well as about such things as Senior uniforms and insignia, or professional jobs in Scouting that Seniors might prepare for.

Naturally, the Seniors hadn't come to Convention just to have a good time—or even just to pitch in as Aides and help keep the big meeting running smoothly. They were there to take part in a democratic procedure from which decisions and policies for the whole movement of Scouting in the United States would emerge. They were there to speak—as well as merely to listen!

To speak effectively at the national level does require preparation. The seniors at Convention were given special information on things to watch for, ways to take part, and the opportunities that would be given them to make their views heard by the National Council. Throughout the sessions, Seniors, like adults, from time to time spoke from a microphone on the floor, submitting their views—or else handed in written comments and questions. Girls from each region served as "official observers," reporting the work of the Convention which seemed of most importance. In a panel meeting the girls discussed matters which would affect them in their own Scouting programs during the next two years. Their evaluations were reported back to the Convention itself, so that they might be carefully weighed by the adults of the National Council.

For the next two years, Seniors all over the country will be evaluating the work and influence of those who attended this Convention. And they'll be looking forward eagerly to the next one—scheduled for San Francisco in 1955. If Seniors are to have the right to be heard at the national level, they must cultivate a voice that is not just loud—but that speaks from a knowledge of facts, and a broad, inclusive national view. That's a tremendous challenge for teen-age girls everywhere—a challenge, we predict, they will move out to meet and welcome.

THE END

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By You (Continued from page 20)

friend, then?" my Dad suggested brightly. "Dad," I shrieked, "With the Freshman Hop this Saturday night! Why everyone would think I was begging for a date!"

"Well, you don't have one, do you?" Dad asked, and I almost burst into tears.

"Oh, Dick, don't," said Mom. "Ellen, you go upstairs and get to work."

"Okay, I'll try," I agreed reluctantly, "But don't interrupt me for anything."

"All right," said Mom, and I went back upstairs."

"Well, to make a long story short, I crept down the steps two hours later, a perfect picture of absolute failure. I couldn't, I just positively couldn't write the article."

"Ellen," Mom called from the living room, "Some boy has been trying to get you on the phone all evening."

"Who . . . ?" I began, but at that moment the phone rang again and I snatched it up.

"Hello?" I asked.

"Ellen? Good. Listen, Ellen, this is Al Echols. Just wanted to tell you that a reporter just turned in a super-duper article, so there's no need for you to write one."

Suddenly, I hated Al Echols thoroughly, and would gladly have wrung his neck. All my worry for nothing! Gripping the receiver, I tried to think of a horrible retort, but Al hurried on. "And one other thing, Ellen. I was . . . ah . . . er . . . just wondering how you'd like to take in the Freshman Hop with me this Saturday?"

And all at once I forgave Al completely.

I wonder why?

MARJORIE McCULLOUGH SNEAD
(age 13) Charlottesville, Virginia

Dusting—Transformed

First Nonfiction Award

Dusting, I used to think, is a rather monotonous chore. As each new knick-knack came into the house, amidst my cries of

admiration, I thought, "Oh, dear, another piece of junk to dust!" But my outlook has changed. I have discovered among the souvenirs things of great sentimental value which make them worth the keeping and the dusting. Things that reflect the interests and experiences of members of the family, things that make me remember . . .

For instance, there are Hawaiian vases with flowery designs carved into the beautiful wood. They remind me of those colorful Islands where my sister was born seven months before Pearl Harbor. My Hawaiian recollections include the birth of my sister, palm trees and sunny beaches, and air-raid alarms, of which I wasn't afraid because I could not understand the danger.

Sitting on one Hawaiian vase is a large wooden Russian Easter egg, a gift from Igor Sikorsky, the inventor of the first practical helicopter, and his wife. A medieval-looking castle shines in the sun on one side of the brightly-painted egg, while three horses and their driver are rushing down the other side. What is more interesting, the egg is hollow, where candy used to be hidden for children to find on Easter morning. This symbolizes a warm friendship, and reminds us that once in Russia, God was openly worshipped.

It is not hard to dust Daddy's two helicopter models. The metal Piaseki model, nicknamed "the flying banana," has RESCUE painted in black on the gray side. It contrasts with the bright yellow U.S. Coast Guard HO4S. The wheels and rotors of this plastic model are movable, and the sliding door really slides. The various instruments in the cockpit are clearly depicted. A large compartment below is designed to transport troops or equipment. These models are evidence of Daddy's ten years' work with helicopters.

On the mantel are two Chinese vases, unusually beautiful and graceful, and

Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. They may be on any subject that will appeal to teenagers. Only original material, never before published anywhere, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawings or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

Short Stories: Not over 800 words.

Poems: Two to twenty-five lines.

Nonfiction: Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

Drawings: Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". **WARNING:** Wrap carefully!

Photographs: Any subject. Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

be mailed on or before December 1, 1953. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted. 2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these:

Send Entries to "By You" Dept. Editor
THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine
155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

RULES

1. Entries for the March, 1954, issue must

another Oriental item which looks like a squat black teapot, with a turtle's tri-horned head forming the spout. Its purpose was for burning incense to the gods. Imagine thin, misty smoke emitted mystically out of the turtle's mouth! These objects remind Mother of narrow dirty Shanghai streets and the quiet Kuling mountain where she was born, the daughter of a missionary.

I don't mind dusting so much anymore!

KAY CHRISTINE ERICKSON

(age 16) Long Island, New York

Heritage

Poetry Award

*My town, an American town
Filled with budding talent,
My town in the fall
The smell of burning leaves,
Kids playing football down the street
My town, painted with fall leaves.
My town in the winter,
A mass of white
Like frosting on a cake
The frozen lake put to life
By gay skaters.
My town in the spring,
Overhung by beautiful willow trees,
Dogwoods in blossom
The sound of a bat,
And an umpire yelling "safe."
My town in the summer,
Scorching sun and great heat,
Baked sidewalks and cloudless skies,
Then rain, cool refreshing rain,
Yes, that's my town.*

ESTA R. DIAMOND

(age 12) Great Neck, New York

Turkey

Nonfiction Award

At Thanksgiving time it's the same old story. Every Thanksgiving our family sits down to a turkey dinner with all the trimmings. Hours later, sighing with contentment and filled with turkey, we arise from the table.

While clearing away the dishes, I notice with a groan that half of the turkey is left. That night my mother mercifully forgets about the turkey, but only temporarily.

Next morning I note that turkey soup is simmering on the stove. Lunchtime comes and my mother suggests—you guessed it—a turkey sandwich. Knowing that sooner or later I'll have to eat turkey, I consent. Hopefully glancing at the turkey I notice, alas, more than one third is left.

Now my mother is an ingenious cook so we have turkey casserole for supper, creamed turkey for lunch, and turkey croquettes for dinner the next night. By this time, I fervently wish that I may never see, much less taste, turkey again. But still the turkey goes on and on.

While nibbling on a turkey salad, I suggest that maybe the dog would like some turkey. My mother, thumbing through the cookbook in search of some new turkey delight, replies that he is allergic to turkey!

We have turkey only twice more after this, then my mother gives up and throws out the bones. We never learn, though, because year after year, we always vote unanimously for turkey on Thanksgiving Day.

OLGA SHNIPER (age 14) Jamaica, New York

Thirteen

Nonfiction Award

Thirteen is a romantic age; for one begins to come to the wonderful realization that people with shaved hair are boys. It is suddenly fun to throw furtive glances their way.

Thirteen is a moody age. Life converts itself swiftly from bubbling happiness and gaiety to unsurpassed gloominess. Things seem deeper and more complicated. Existence is one big question mark. Adolescent blemishes begin to appear. Life is miserable. Then that good-looking new boy calls you and asks you to help him with math. Isn't life grand?

Thirteen is a disheartening age. One is thought old enough to do an adult's work—but not to have their privileges.

Thirteen is a changeable age. When going to a party now, one dances instead of playing drop the handkerchief; yet, one is still young enough to dig worms and hunt frogs.

Yes, thirteen is a wonderful age. In it are wrapped all the joys and sorrows that make life interesting. The tragedies are soon erased by the pleasures. Therefore, few Americans can help but remember and cherish their thirteenth year.

BARBARA REID (age 13) Estherville, Iowa

Jungle Night

Fiction Award

The sickening thud of many fingers beating against tom-toms, and the ghostly chant of many voices drift through the heavily scented air. A lonely jungle fowl calls hauntingly to its mate somewhere beneath the rising moon. The air is still, stirred only by the movement of black shadows swaying slowly against a blood red fire. A fire whose flames stretch and strain as they try to lick the tree tops with their tongues of fire, and failing to do so fall back with a groan and a snap of anger, then try again.

This is the sight which met my eyes, as I emerged from the heavy undergrowth, and stood in the flickering firelight. I stood in awe at this fantastic sight. My breath scarcely came from my gaping mouth as suddenly a deathly silence lulls the land.

Then once again the hollow thud of tom-toms breaks softly into the stillness. And seemingly from out of nowhere, a voodoo priestess sways gracefully into the firelight. And as she dances, the natives taken up by a wave of



PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:
PEGGY BURNS (age 13)
Baltimore, Maryland

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emotion, wall to the night in a ghostly chant.

I quickly turned as I heard a rustle behind me, and there I saw a grotesque shadow loom close to me. I shrank in utter horror, too frightened to scream. Cruel hands seized me, and I was thrown among the half-crazed natives.

I shuddered at the thought of what they would do to me. And as the natives suddenly shrieked with joy, I knew my horrible fate had been decided.

Then in blind fear I started running. It didn't matter where I went, just so I got away. I crashed insanely through the jungle night, fleeing for my life. My breath was coming fast now, and my mouth and throat burned with dryness. I could hear their running feet coming closer, and I closed my eyes as I felt someone's hot breath on my neck. Exhausted, I fell in a heap upon the ground. I gasped as a hot hand pressed against my arm, and a voice whispered, "Gosh, Bev., these 3-D movies are too realistic for me!"

BEVERLY EDKIN (age 15) Erie, Pennsylvania

It Stirs My Soul

Nonfiction Award

Deep down in my heart an open book stirs me. It taunts me in red, orange, yellow, and russet ink. Its title is "Live Free with Me." There are illustrations by the score; the gleaming hillside, glowing in its richness; the tangy smell of burning leaves; the sound of scraping rakes as children jump and race on the once vivid green lawn; the blazing countryside as melody surges o'er the autumn days.

Its author is Miss Autumn Harvest, a famous writer who has a reputation for writing such a book once a year and has made it a tradition. She has a country home with a beautiful study, decorated in squash yellow, tomato red, pumpkin orange, and cornshock brown.

The theme of the book is the love of Miss Autumn for Mr. Indian Summer, and her virtual hatred of Old Man Winter. Old Dame Halloween has her pranks interwoven in the plot also. The book is inspiring with its tales of the wanderings of Mother Nature. Yes, it stirs my soul!

LINDA BRADLEY (age 11) Elmira, New York

Maybe Next Time

Fiction Award

Ann buried her head a little deeper into her pillow and sighed. In just a moment she would come. First the footsteps on the stairs. Then a knock and her voice clear and firm, "Ann, let me in."

I'll get up, she thought, just like before, and let her in.

"Ann, I don't know what you meant by this outburst!"

"I'm sorry, mother."

"Yes, dear, of course. Wash your face now and come down to dinner. We'll talk about it later."

Somehow they never got around to talking it over. That's the way it always was before. But no! This time it would be different.

Ann turned her head a little and looked around the room. It was a pretty room. Soft blue walls and dark mahogany furniture. But naturally it was pretty. Her mother had planned it. Just as she planned her clothes and everything else. Just as she had decided that Ann should not accept John Reynolds'

invitation to the prom. She remembered her mother's exact words—"But, darling, I hardly know the boy and his father runs that cheap little grocery store on Main street. Besides, I have already arranged for you to go to the dance with Bill Edwards. I just talked with his mother."

"I don't care if his father does run a grocery store," Ann had declared stubbornly. "I know him and I like him. I'm not going with Bill Edwards! I'm going with John, and when he calls tonight I'll tell him so!"

That had been an hour ago. This time it's going to be different, she thought. This time . . . the telephone rang downstairs! It must be John. Yes, there were her mother's footsteps on the stairs and the knock. Slowly Ann rose and opened the door.

"It's for you, Ann," her mother said, calmly. "It's that Reynolds boy."

Ann ran quickly down the stairs. Her hand sliding smoothly along the polished rail. Standing by the table she stared at the telephone for a brief second and then picking up the receiver, she spoke into the mouthpiece. "John, I . . . I'm sorry, but I can't go to the dance with you. I have another date." A minute later she stood at the foot of the stairs—Maybe, next time. . . .

JUDITH ANN HARRIS (age 14) Jackson, Mississippi

Cat

Poetry Award

Cat

Bounces
In.

He pounces
At the bedclothes
And attacks
My feet with glee.

He jumps
Landing bump
On the sleeping lump
That's me.

He meows,
"Get up!"

When I don't stir,
He joins me purring blissfully.

ELAINE FORD (age 14) Cresskill, New Jersey

Contentment

Nonfiction Award

It is Sunday morning. I am sitting in the swing on my grandmother's front porch. In the kitchen grandmother is frying chicken and watching over an apple pie in the oven. Through the window come strains of one of Chopin's lovely nocturns. People coming from church stop to speak. Small children play cowboys and Indians across the street. My kitten jumped into my lap and began to purr. The swing creaked noisily and I am happy.

LINDA KAY (age 13) Watseka, Illinois

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Linda Orcutt (age 14) Memphis, Missouri

POETRY: Kay Rodgers (age 16) Arkadelphia, Ark.
Betsy Gould, (age 14) Chatham Center, N. Y.

FICTION: Rose Lee Kortenhof (age 14) Rhinelander, Wis.
Linnea Lilja (age 15) Bensenville, Ill.

NONFICTION: Joy Garner (age 14) Mancos, Colorado.
Marilyn Valentine, (age 12) Haines City, Fla.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Keiko Sato (age 18) Tokyo, Japan.
Merrill Stamlin (age 13) Rutherfordton, N. Carolina.
Tecla Tranco (age 15) Istanbul, Turkey.

Jokes

FOOLPROOF

Frequently people give the bus driver a pretty rough time in their refusal to move to the rear of the vehicle. However one bus driver has found the answer. As the bus becomes crowded at each stop the driver says: "Ladies and gentlemen, move to the rear." Then he adds, "The rest of you stay up front with me."

Sent by MARGIE LEHMANN, Chicago, Illinois

ALMOST

PILOT, bragging: Airmen can do anything birds can do.

MARINE: Yeah? Well I never saw an airman sleeping on a branch with his head tucked under his wing.

Sent by JACKIE FAIRFIELD, Augusta, Maine

THE EASY WAY

Little Dick, age three, did not like soap and water. One day his mother was trying to reason with him. "Surely you want to be a clean little boy, don't you?"

"Yes," tearfully agreed Dick, "but why can't you just dust me like you do the piano?"

Sent by BARBARA TALLY, Skidmore, Missouri

BIG ORDER

JIM: Hey, Soda Jerk, I want a strawberry and peach and marshmallow sundae, with plenty of strawberries, the peach cut up in the ice cream, the nuts on the side, the chocolate on vanilla ice cream, and the marshmallow on that. I'd like a slice of banana on each side. Sprinkle the whole thing with crushed pineapple and put a cherry on top.

SODA JERK: Okay. What day can you come in for the fitting?

Sent by CALVIN SUE MITCHELL, Obion, Tennessee

IGNORANCE IS BLISS?

The stock company was awaiting the curtain call for a performance in a Midwestern town that rarely saw entertainment. The actors fidgeted in the wings, anxious to perform. The house was packed with people who had come from miles around to see their first show. The lights dimmed and the musicians began to play the introduction. The stage manager pointed to the local stagehand. "You," he said briskly, "run up the curtain."

"Not me," drawled the stagehand. "I ain't no squirrel."

Sent by ANNETTE SHINN, Warner, Oklahoma

LEARNING THE LAZY WAY

He was a remarkable old man for he knew something about nearly everything. More remarkable still, he was very modest. One day a newcomer to the village asked him how he happened to know so much. "Oh, I heard it here and there," replied the old man, "and I guess I was just too lazy to forget it."

Sent by JOANNE KRISTY, Cleveland, Ohio

THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

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How's Your Party Chatter?

(Continued from page 18)

So much for you as hostess. Let's have a look at you as guest. As poised a person as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has admitted that in her younger days she made a list of possible topics of conversation, to be drawn on if her party chatter lagged.

As conversational backlogs, movies, books, concerts come first to mind. But it isn't enough to say, "Such-and-such is a good book," or "I enjoyed that television show or movie." Try to know something about the author, and what you found in the book that you enjoyed.

If you've heard an entertaining anecdote about someone in high school, be prepared to tell it well and brightly. If you know a really funny story, have it "on tap," so you can give it amusingly, without long lapses while you dig into your memory.

Is there a carnival, an art show, a tennis match under way? Here may be a good focus for a bit of conversation. But—fit your chatter to the group. Don't bring up art among those who are not interested. Don't launch a clever sally about be-bop just when the group is busy discovering Beethoven. So, think about the people who will be at the party and their interests.

A warning for you, whether you're the hostess or the guest. Don't talk too much about yourself. That doesn't mean you mustn't reply to a query about something you've done, with as interesting an account as you can give. You can tell about the cat that wandered on stage during your big scene in the school play—or anything else that is amusing and worthwhile. But leave out the exhausting account of the trouble you had getting Susan to learn her lines, or how Melvin didn't know what to do with his hands and feet. It's never a good idea to be funny at someone else's expense. And, when you've had your little say, toss the ball along to someone else with a casual, "Oh, that reminds me, Jean, tell us about the time you were in that play and all the lights went out."

Another deadly party-chatter "sin" is that of dwelling on a topic that excludes some of the group. You know the sort of thing. Two or three people who know each other well delight in reminiscing. "Remember that time up at the lake?" someone shrieks. Gales of laughter follow. "And the fellow with the guitar," another of the bunch puts in. More gales of laughter. Goodness knows why! Those present who weren't at the lake and never heard of the fellow with the guitar smile wanly. If you're the hostess, you might remark, "Well, come on, how about letting the rest of us in on this?"

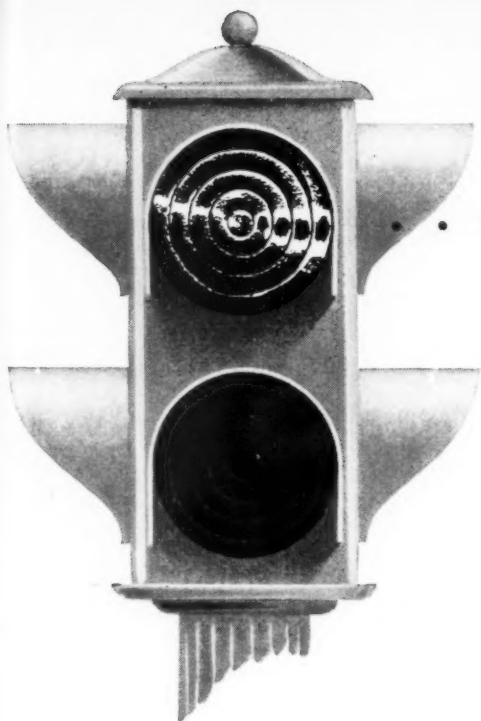
Next time there's a party coming up, plan your campaign. If it's your party, spend some time on refreshments—but lots of good tasty sandwiches go over as well as more elaborate dishes. Plan to look your loveliest—it's a help to your poise to know your skin is glowing and your dress just matches the blue of your eyes. But your chatter must glow too, and match the mood of the party.

If you are the guest, remember your hostess will admire your ease and ask you again if you're one of those wonderful persons who can be depended upon to lift her guests out of the doldrums. Your party chatter will be your passport to plenty of fun.

THE END

NOVEMBER, 1953

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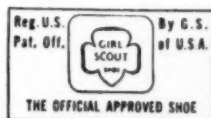
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